

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Wise Decision

VERY welcome is the decision of the American House-Senate Joint Atomic Energy Committee to recommend that President Eisenhower be given power to share US secrets on the use of atomic weapons with her allies, and to give authority to the President to join in a world atomic pool for peaceful purposes. Russia's virtual rejection of the world pool scheme which Mr. Eisenhower presented before the United Nations at the end of last year undoubtedly exercised some influence on the Committee; nevertheless there has been discernible for some time past a growing congressional opinion that the United States should not retain exclusively for herself the knowledge now possessed about atomic weapons and their use. This changed attitude is partly attributable to the successful atomic experiments which Britain has carried out over the past year and which have proved beyond question that America's principal ally has learnt a great deal about atomic weapons, more especially the tactical type. But the principal factor which has guided the Atomic Energy Committee is the realization that as Russia had conquered the secrets of the atomic bomb, and probably the hydrogen bomb, it would be stupid to leave the Continental democracies without any knowledge of atomic weapons. The President's powers for giving information will still be restricted and the highest secrets of the American atomic laboratories will almost certainly remain undisclosed. But one important value of the Committee's decision is that it opens the way for an exchange of atomic information. Britain possesses her own secret atomic weapons, knowledge of which could benefit the United States as much as Britain could benefit from information concerning some of the American weapons. The congressional law governing atomic energy has barred this useful exchange of knowledge and to some extent has retarded development of nuclear power, both for peaceful and war purposes. Given the opportunity the physicists of Western Europe could probably make valuable contributions towards perfecting the use of atomic energy, and with this power directed towards peaceful aims, the world as a whole must benefit.

WASHINGTON TALKS BEGIN

LABOUR MPs ANGRY

London, June 25. The Labour Party today intensified its "war" against Sir Winston Churchill's Government for refusing to implement a free vote of Parliament that members' salaries be raised by 50 per cent to £1,500 yearly.

The Prime Minister's announcement of his decision involved him in a row with the Opposition shortly before his departure last night for Washington talks with President Eisenhower.

It brought immediate Labour reprisals, and today a Socialist member, Mr. John Parker, asked leave to bring in a private Bill next Wednesday "pegging" the amount of money MPs are allowed to earn outside their official salaries, now £1,000.

This is taken as a hint at Conservative members who have business and private incomes. Mr. Parker's Bill will ask Parliament to set a limit on the amount of extra money that an MP may have by way of income.

Last night, while Sir Winston Churchill was flying the Atlantic, the Parliamentary Labour Party met and told its leaders to reject the Government's offer to discuss alternative proposals to a straight pay rise—such as an expenses allowance.

It also decided to cancel the "pairing" arrangement by which a member can leave the House while it is sitting without affecting his Party's strength if one of the Opposition also agrees to absent himself, so that their votes cancel out.

EMBARRASSING
This decision embarrasses the Government and if rigorously maintained could endanger its majority and hasten a general election.

The Labour refusal to "pair" means that if any substantial number of Government Ministers or Members is absent on official business abroad, Sir Winston Churchill will have to be on constant guard against the chance of a snap Labour victory in the House of Commons votes.

It will also increase Government anxieties at times when numbers of its members are absent through illness.

So bitter is the feeling aroused in the Labour ranks that politicians visualise a return to the atmosphere of the Labour "stalemate" Government of 1950-51, when, with a majority of only seven, the administration was at times driven to extremes.

On some occasions, sick and crippled Government supporters were brought from their beds and even hospitals—one in a bath chair—to sustain Mr. Clement Attlee, the then Prime Minister, in critical votes.—*Reuter.*

First Subjects: EDC And Exchange Of Atomic Information

Washington, June 25.

The European Defence Community and the exchange of atomic information between the Western Allies were the two chief subjects discussed today by President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill, the White House announced.

The two leaders and their Foreign Secretaries, Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. John Foster Dulles, conferred in the President's study for two and a half hours this afternoon following an earlier meeting this morning.

The President's Press Secretary, Mr. James Hagerty, did not elaborate on the subjects discussed, but said the discussions on the exchange of atomic information had dealt with the "mechanics" of expanding co-operation between the two nations in this field.

Red China's New High Command

London, June 25.

Communist China announced today the appointment of seven Generals to the top military command and named a new Finance Minister.

The New China News Agency reported the appointment of the following Generals as Vice-Chairmen of the People's Revolutionary Military Council, the nation's highest organ of military command: Liu Pocheng, Ho Lung, Chen Yi, Lo Jung-huan, Hsu Hsiang-chien, Nieh Jung-chen and Yeh Chien-ying.

The Agency also reported the appointment of Li Hsien-nien as Minister of Finance and Vice-Chairman of the Committee of Financial and Economic Affairs. Li is at present Vice-Chairman of the Central-South Administrative Committee and concurrently Director of its Financial and Economic Affairs.

He replaces as Finance Minister Teng Hsiao-ping, a Vice-Premier.

The appointments were approved at the 32nd meeting of the Central People's Government Council, the highest executive organ of China, on June 19, but made public today.

The Government Council also appointed Tan Cheng-wen, formerly chief of the Department of Public Security of Kwangtung Province, in South China, as Deputy Procurator-General.

The seven Generals now promoted were all previously members of the Revolutionary Military Council, with the exception of Lo Jung-huan, who holds the post of Procurator-General.—*Reuter.*

Restless Night
Kansas City, June 25.

Form President Harry Truman spent a second restless night at the hospital where he is recovering from an emergency operation for the removal of his gall bladder and appendix.

The heat with temperatures near the 100-degree mark bothered Mr. Truman yesterday, to Britain, and Sir Roger Makins.

Mr. Hagerty pointed out that the President in his State of the Union message to Congress last January had asked Congress to approve a broader exchange of atomic information than that permitted by the Atomic Secrets Act of 1946.

Mr. Hagerty described their talks as a general discussion. In answer to a question, he thought such increased exchange of information would have to wait until pending legislation on the exchange of atomic secrets had been passed by Congress.

Mr. Hagerty said he did not know whether today's Anglo-American talks had dealt with the proposal made by Mr. Eden on the eve of his departure for Washington for a Locarno-type non-aggression pact with the Communists in Asia.

He also said that he could not confirm a report that the discussions had touched on the uprising against Guatemala's left-wing Government.

Mr. Hagerty said that further talks between President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill would not be held until tomorrow (Saturday).

WHITE HOUSE DINNER
Tonight, the President and Mrs. Eisenhower will entertain at a dinner at the White House in honor of Sir Winston and Mr. Eden.

Guests will include members of the Cabinet, members of Sir Winston's party and top officials of the State Department and other United States Government agencies.

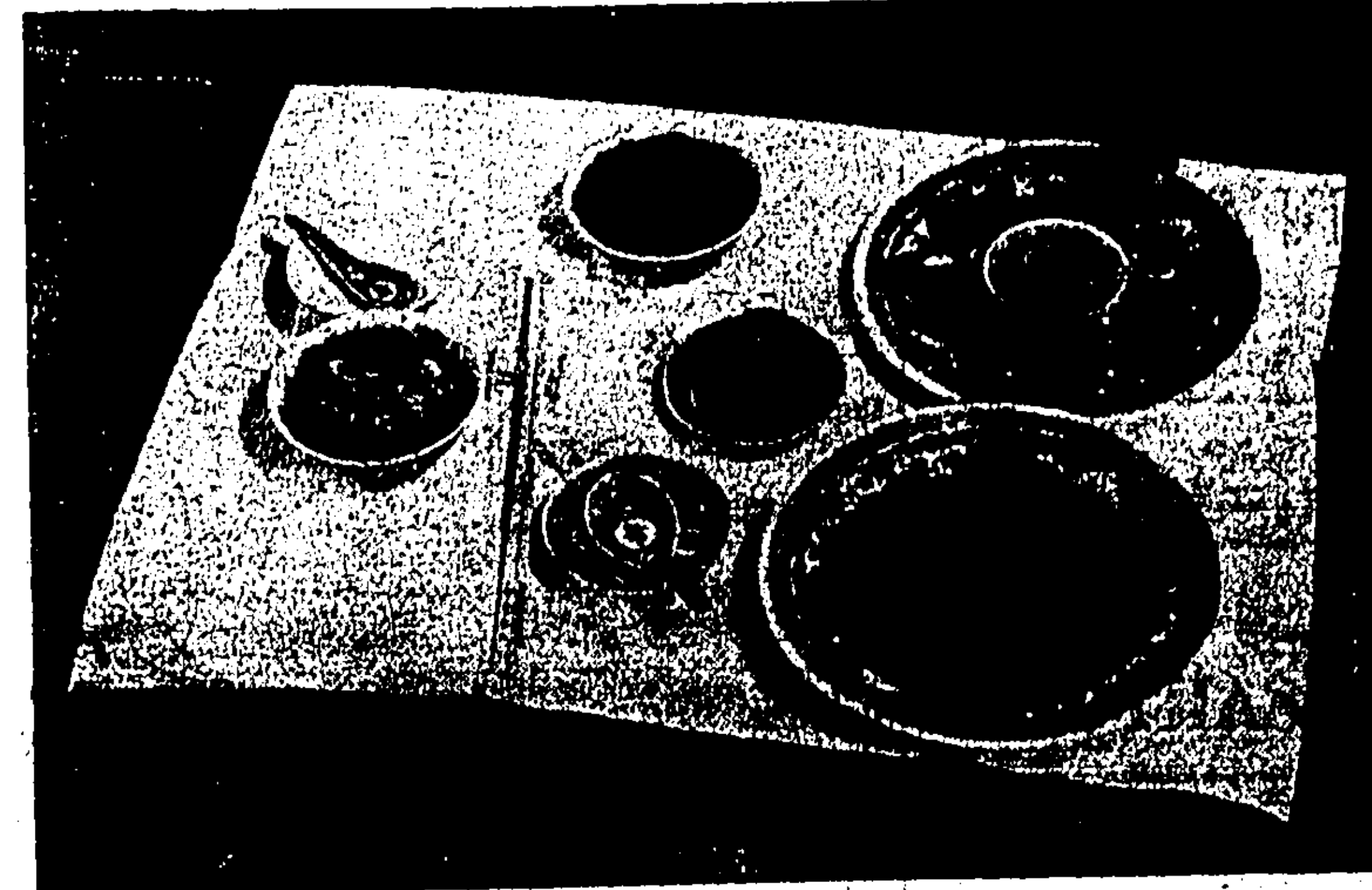
Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston were expected to meet on Saturday morning, but a time and not been set.

Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles planned to meet in Mr. Dulles' office at the State Department at 2.30 p.m., GMT tomorrow. At 5 p.m., GMT, Sir Winston and Mr. Eden would be guests of honour at a White House luncheon attended by 28 members of the Congress, including the Republican and Democratic leaders in the Senate and House of Representatives, senior members of the Foreign Relations, Appropriations and Armed Services Committees.

Talks between the four principals were likely to be resumed later in the afternoon.

In addition to their Foreign Secretaries, Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill were joined in their talks today by Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the United States Ambassador to Britain, and Sir Roger Makins.

the British Ambassador in Washington.—*Reuter.*



Reds Accept Proposal In Principle

Geneva, June 25.

Communist China today accepted in principle a French proposal that a committee of delegates be set up by the nine-nation Indo-China conference to thrash out some of the key issues of international armistice control, conference sources said tonight.

But Mr. V. Kouznetsov, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, told the 18th secret session that before the committee was formed, the heads of delegations must meet to consider the conflicting armistice control proposals already put by the East and West.

The peace talks have been deadlocked on the crucial issue of armistice control almost since they began nearly eight weeks ago. The conference agreed today to recess until Tuesday so that delegates could have informal direct contacts on the French plan for an experts' committee and the Soviet terms for agreeing to such a committee.—*Reuter.*

"Sinister Scheme" Uncovered

New York, June 25.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Post said today that the Soviet Union had been preparing to send a large military mission to Guatemala, possibly in a Russian cruiser, at the request of the Guatemalan President, Senor Jacobo Arbenz.

The correspondent, Robert S. Allen, said that the United States "has positive information of this sinister scheme," which was still being considered by the Kremlin.—*Reuter.*

Mr Leo Gaddi Receives Congratulations



Trades Union Orders A Boycott

London, June 25.

The Communist-led Electrical Trades Union today ordered its 220,000 members throughout Britain to completely boycott the big J. Lyons Company of caterers.

"This means that our members must not go into their tea shops, hotels or any of the subsidiary undertakings," said the Assistant General Secretary, Mr. Frank Hazell.

"They must not buy cups of tea, ice cream, or any products sold by J. Lyons."

The Union is backing a dispute by 470 electricians on strike at Lyons restaurants, hotels and food factories in protest against the use of non-Union members.—*Reuter.*

Tanks Surround Cement Works

Cairo, June 25.

Egyptian Army tanks and armoured cars today surrounded the Swiss-owned cement works at Turah, near Cairo, after a 1,000 striking Egyptians had stormed the management and damaged plant.

The workers want on strike demanding higher pay and better conditions, though strikes are banned under the Naguib regime.

The Army intervened at the request of the Swiss Charge d'Affaires. It was learned authoritatively tonight.

Army intelligence officers and police arrested a number of people and other workers are being screened. Order was restored at dusk.—*Reuter.*

Seeks New Record

Ostend, June 25.

Fakir Harve, a 53-year-old German, was tonight shut up in a glass cage here to try to beat the 90-day world fasting record recently claimed by Fakir Burman in France.—*China Mail Special.*

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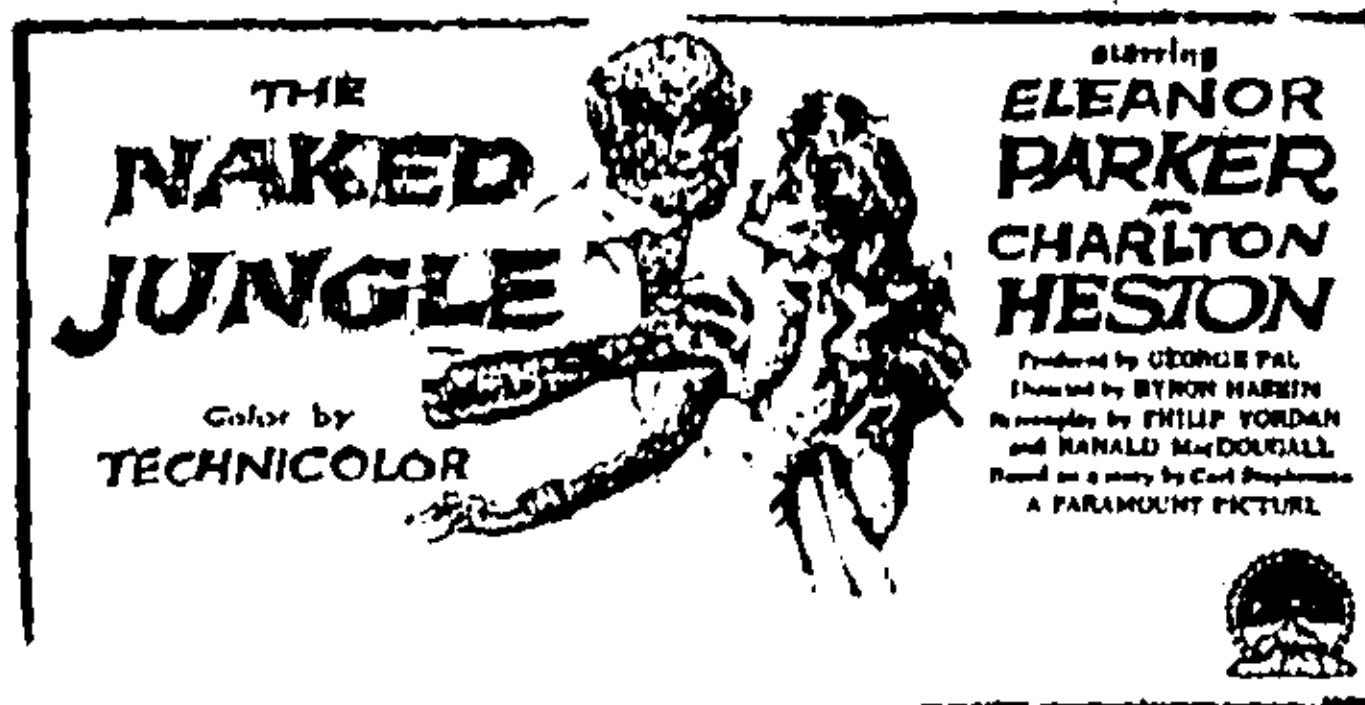
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MORNING**KING'S**AT
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LATEST BRITISH PATHE NEWS

SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12

COMING: **ROUND THE MOUNTAIN**
MORNING MATINEE**FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING**

By JANE ROBERTS

Two pictures not having been censored in time for their scheduled showing threw the HOOVER programme out this time and instead of "FLIGHT NURSE" and "HELL'S HALF ACRE" (both of which will be seeing a little later) "GERALDINE" and "FORT ALGIERS" took over. "BEACHHEAD" will then move in for next week-end.

The LEE and GREAT WORLD plan to show the film of the Hongkong Beauty Contest next after "DANGEROUS MISSION". With it will be "DESTINY". Li Li Hwa is at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA now that "KILLERS FROM SPACE" have played out their time. The title of her picture is "GIRL ON THE LOOSE" but apart from that translation I'm afraid that it's in Mandarin and there are no English subtitles. A Warner Brothers picture follows this — it bears the intriguing title "THEM".

"THE NAKED JUNGLE" is the main feature at the EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS. They split again after that with the EMPIRE taking "ROAR OF THE CROWD" and the KING'S and PRINCESS "DRUMS OF TAHITI".

I hardly dare to mention "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE" in connection with the CAPITOL and LIBERTY again, though provided that everything is ready at the LIBERTY in time, it will definitely be shown on the 30th at both theatres. To keep you going until then there's a light piece of entertainment called "CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE".

Last, but by a very long stretch not least, is "RIVER OF NO RETURN" at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

Yvonne de Carlo is back in the desert again. "Sand in my shoes" must be the song that haunts her dreams. "HOTEL SAHARA" is the only one of the other desert pictures whose title I can call to mind, but you can probably supply the rest without thinking too hard.

The French Foreign Legion features almost as prominently as do the Arab foes in the new desert drama — this one's "FORT ALGIERS". With Yvonne de Carlo is a newcomer to Hollywood — the Latin-American Carlos Thompson.

Evidently Hollywood thinks enough of him to star him again, as I see that in a later film, "THE FLAME AND THE FLESH", he's the target of those two lovely ladies, Lana Turner and Pier Angeli.

But back to the desert. The glamorous Yvonne de Carlo is a spy in "FORT ALGIERS", but the very nicest kind of spy — a patriotic Frenchwoman, to be exact. Her job is to find out who is behind the Arab uprisings disturbing the comparative peace of North Africa.

The newspapers have recently been telling us that things are by no means peaceful in French North Africa, so at least it's topical.

I usually find that in Yvonne de Carlo's pictures she's far superior to the material she's given. "THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE" was an exception, perhaps "FORT ALGIERS" will prove to be another.

LAST WAR

We go back to the last war for "BEACHHEAD". It's not a background or a subject that's been very popular in recent pictures. If a film company has wanted to make a war picture, it's chosen Korea as its locale, or one of the many guerilla wars going on at the present time.

The exact period during the war that "BEACHHEAD" is set in is the battle of Bougainville; and the place, an island close to it.

Four American Marines, Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy, Skip Homeier and Alan Wells, are detailed to get in touch with a French planter on the island, who has radioed some information concerning the position of Japanese mines.

It's essential to plans for the forthcoming engagement that the information be verified. For some reason, the planter's daughter (Mary Murphy) is with him, though I suppose one can stretch a point and allow this to be a love story. The picture is to be shown at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

The jungle trek through the dripping swamps to get to the planter and the struggle back to base, with the feeling of danger lurking behind every tree, forms the main body of "BEACHHEAD".

I'm afraid that beyond the fact that the two featured players in "DESTINY" are Alan Curtis and Gloria Jean, I can tell you nothing. A Press Book isn't available, nor have I seen a preview.

Now what can I say about "THEM" without giving away their secret. I think I can give you a hint by saying that the film's on the lines of "KILLERS FROM SPACE". Giant creepy-crawlies are the killers and some of the equipment scientist Edmund Gwenn, daughter Joan Weldon (you saw her in "THE COMMAND") and policeman James Whitmore have to use against "THEM" are gas masks and machine guns. Need I say more?

MARAUDING ANTS

"THE NAKED JUNGLE" deals primarily with the conflict between husband and wife, Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker.

He is already a wealthy plantation owner in South America at the beginning of the film and she, for some reason not disclosed in the synopsis of the story (I haven't seen the film because another preview clashed with it the day it was shown) has married him by proxy, never having seen him before.

This part sounds vaguely improbable to me, as Joanna Lehnagen is described as "a beautiful, cultured woman from New Orleans".

If this is so then why on earth does she have to go husband-hunting in the sticky jungle of South America when many a woman with less to offer has snapped up an equally wealthy prize in more salubrious surroundings.

There are hints that it has something to do with a previous marriage, so perhaps all is made plain in the picture.

Charlton Heston is also puzzled by the woman's motives and being on the surface "a rough, domineering character", he doesn't attempt to hide his mistrust or dislike of her.

On the other hand, Eleanor Parker appears to emerge from the early scenes in a rather better light. In spite of the cold welcome she tries to make a success of the marriage, with disappointing results.

An army of marauding ants resolves the situation — he'd been about to give up and go home when warning of their coming is received — having to stay with her husband and help fight them is the common obstacle that brings them together.

Although I haven't seen this picture, I've read several criticisms of it by writers whose opinions I respect, and the consensus of those opinions seems to be that Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker really bring the story to life.

I've found Charlton Heston to be a little lacking in the qualities necessary to convey complicated feelings and mental processes in the past — and thought his level was more of the plain black or white character in a murder mystery than the emotionally upset fellow he appears to be in "THE NAKED JUNGLE". But apparently he carries it off rather well.

The producer is George Pal whose usual field is that of science-fiction. Actually found in South America, the Marabunta

ants are more than fiction, however. They really are enormous and who can destroy any animal and vegetable matter in their path.

This is a picture I intend to see.

If you're a car racing fan, the names of Duke Nalon, Johnny Parsons, Henry Banks and Manuel Ayulo will mean a lot to you. They're featured in the film, "THE ROAR OF THE CROWD", which the EMPIRE is showing at the end of next week.

All the emphasis in this picture is on racing, with a small bit of love interest from Helene Stanley and Howard Duff.

A picture of this kind doesn't need a story to help it along, except for a little background on the various drivers, and luckily the producer hasn't tried to confuse the issue with anything startlingly original detracting from the interest of the actual racing.

It's just the old and very human one of the girl not wanting her fiancé to carry on in such a dangerous occupation but giving in when she sees how important a part it plays in his life.

The Indianapolis 500-mile race is a topical subject at the moment, many of the newscasts featuring it, and "ROAR OF THE CROWD" goes one better and gives it to you in colour.

NO REAL VILLAINS

"DRUMS OF TAHITI" is one of those nice little films in which nobody's really villainous, there's a lot of colourful South Sea Island scenery and the two main male characters, though really on different sides of the fence, treat each other with the utmost courtesy.

The two latter people, in the case of "DRUMS OF TAHITI", are Dennis O'Keefe and L. Sullivan — complete with broken French accent.

Tahiti, at the time of the film, is controlled by France, but the Queen, who has English blood somewhere in her ancestry, dreams of the English fleet coming to free the island from the French. Not that the French ill-treat the Tahitians or exploit them — with her it's just a matter of pride.

Dennis O'Keefe — a wealthy American among whose interests is a sort of bur-om-night club, is drawn into the intrigue on the side of the Queen.

This automatically puts him on the opposite side from that of his chess opponent, Francis L. Sullivan. This isn't all — force of circumstances makes him marry a hard-boiled burlesque artist, Patricia Medina.

All ends happily however, Tahiti remains French and the Queen bows to the inevitable.

"CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE" is a romantic comedy starring Van Johnson, Janet Leigh and Louis Calhern, with that oily little man, Gene Lockhart, cast in the time fairly pleasantly, as a College Dean.

Louis Calhern is the prime mover in the story — prime being the operative word. He's a Texas cattle baron trying to win his son and daughter-in-law (Van Johnson and Janet Leigh) back from schoolmastering (in Van's case) to the cattle ranch.

The story hinges on Van Johnson's failure to buy steaks for his expectant wife on the salary he's earning. Grandfather-to-be, with the best intentions, tries to right this with almost as much subtlety as his own prime beef.

Walter Slezak is also on the cast list.

Not having seen this film I can't tell you whether the situations are romantic or funny, but you'll be able to guess, from the stars and the story, whether it's something that will amuse you.

BACK IN JEANS

The last time I saw Marilyn Monroe in jeans was in a film where she played Barbara Stanwyck's chocolate-eating younger sister in a New England film having something to do with fish. Here was a small part, but strangely enough (or was it so strange?) I remember her more than Barbara Stanwyck or Paul Douglas — the stars — or the title, which I've completely forgotten.

Anyway, back in jeans she is in "RIVER OF NO RETURN", with a few changes into the sort of garb we've come to associate with girls who sing in saloons of the wild Northwest.

The provocative Marilyn is seen to her best advantage in Technicolor and the other scenery (the Canadian Rockies) is superb too.

If the picture had been intended to be a musical it could have got by on even two of the songs Marilyn Monroe sings in it. As it is there are four, and she puts over each one in a manner that places most of the screen's songstresses completely in the shade.

Both the New York Times and the New Yorker have scathing things to say about "RIVER OF NO RETURN". I hate to be in complete disagreement with these two august publications, but I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the picture.

Most of the story is concerned with the voyage down the river of Marilyn Monroe, Robert Mitchum and young Tommy Rettig (Mitchum's son in the picture).

It took a long time, but the suspense of wondering if the Indians would attack, if the raft would be overturned in the very realistically photographed rapids, or if they'd just starve to death, was admirably sustained.

The relationship between Mitchum and his young son was most sensitively conveyed by the two — affectionate without being mawkish and at the same time restrained.

It's not necessary to refer to the obvious charms of Marilyn Monroe herself. A rather rowdy audience, composed mostly of her fellow countrymen (I went to the afternoon show) testified to her pulling power in that line.

Being feminine (although still able to admire her) I was much more interested to note that she can act. If you're feminine too and disagree with me out loud in your menfolk's hearing, they'll only accuse you of jealousy, so better not waste your breath!

Rory Calhoun, who manages to throw dust in the eyes of the apparently worldly-wise Marilyn, isn't quite as sure of himself as usual, but still handsome enough to turn any girl's head.

A very small cast for all that enormous breadth of scenery and at the risk of being repetitive, a good one. A last word — a delat one in the face of the New York's critic. He says "I seldom have I seen an actor maintain so marked an air of aloofness in the face of proceedings like shooting rapids on a raft, fighting a mountain lion, and dodging the arrows of outraged red men."

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2.30 — 5.30 — 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

NEW ORLEANS' UNIQUE INTERNATIONAL MART

New Orleans.

The flags of 60 nations fly from a white, modernistic building in New Orleans that is the hub of world-wide trade activities in such diverse products as fragile pottery, billiard balls and bulldozers.

The building is the International Trade Mart, a unique, non-profit organisation dedicated to the promotion of two-way trade between the rich Mississippi Valley area of the United States and the rest of the world through the port of New Orleans.

Business Is Good For Tattoo Removers

Melbourne.

Tattooing in going out of fashion here and business was never better for the skilled tattoo remover.

The Sea Is His Third Home

Montreal.

The sea is a sort of third home for dapper businessman Sydney Jarvis of Red-dich, England, who arrived here recently after completing his 117th crossing of the ocean.

"The Atlantic is part of me," he said as he walked unerringly to his cabin on the Empress of Scotland without guidance from a steward. "I have travelled on every big liner that has sailed to Canada in the last 35 years."

"The shipmates, the stewards and many of the deckhands are old friends of mine," he said. "We met in the hectic days after the First World War, in 1919, when the big rush of troops and war brides from Europe was on."

"Then there was the carefree era of the twenties, and the empty decks of the depression years and the uneasy days before the war."

Jarvis still averages four crossings of two return trips a year between Britain and Canada. He said he usually comes over in February and August, and each time travels the length and breadth of the continent. Jarvis represents a number of British manufacturing firms.

EXPERIMENT IN NEW VACCINES

Tokyo.

A Tokyo research centre has prepared three kinds of anti-dysentery vaccine and plans to use them in experiments on 150,000 persons.

The new vaccines, which are derived from the dysentery virus, were used on 60,000 persons last year with no ill effects.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Our economics teacher wants us to learn some business this summer. Wouldn't it be a good idea to find out all about the railroads by travelling around?"

The trade representatives of 11 nations have offices in the five-story structure, and products of at least 25 nations and the 48 states of this country on display in showrooms along the polished corridors.

A total of 700 stockholders, ranging from school teachers to business men, invested \$1.5 million in the trade mart that houses importers, exporters, forwarding agents, steamship lines, passport agencies, and even a school for foreign languages.

It opened for business in 1948. Belgium was the first country to locate its trade mission in the mart. Since then, Holland, Italy, West Germany, France, Canada, Switzerland, Great Britain, Japan, Cuba and the Philippines moved in to boost their imports to the United States. And boost them they did.

323% INCREASE

Imports through the port of New York and San Francisco did not, for the most part, penetrate the market areas of the central United States. It was on this great potential market in an area that was rapidly becoming more industrialised that promoters of the trade mart sold foreign countries.

Belgium, for instance, imported 35,000 tons through New Orleans in 1947. In 1951, the pioneer member of the mart had increased its imports to 108,000 tons.

From 1948 to 1952, the five European countries of Belgium, Holland, Italy, Germany and France increased their volume of imports by 323 per cent. That represents an increase of 300,000 tons per year, with the average ship leaving 2,000 tons of cargo. The service cost on each ship is estimated at \$100,000. The latter reaps the profit of New Orleans a fat \$20 million year.

The trade mart, of course, is only one factor in the large increase of trade through New Orleans. Since its establishment here, there has been an estimated billion dollars worth of new industry locating in Louisiana. Industrialisation has come south in a big way since the last World War.

And still another factor was the establishment of a free trade zone in New Orleans in 1947.

CENTRALISATION

The uniqueness of the trade mart lies in its centralisation. For the buyer, it represents a vast information service. He has at his fingertips, once inside the mart, comparative prices asked by foreign manufacturers marketing product and the how and where of buying and shipping. If he does not like what is offered him by West Germany, he can walk a few steps to the Italian trade representatives, or vice-versa.

Office space can only be rented in the trade mart by those who, in one way or another, have a stake in world trade. The space in the mart is 99 per cent rented, and there is a long waiting list. Its managing director, Clay Shaw, hints that the jam may result in an expansion sometime in the future.

The cost of the trade mart building will be paid off through office rental over a period of 20 years. It will at that time not be owned by anyone, theoretically, but stand as a busy monument to the faith of private capital in the free flow of trade between nations.

The only somewhat similar enterprise of its kind is in Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, where the mercantile mart was constructed in 1952. It is used as an exhibited area for Union and foreign products.—United Press.

Balmy Days Bring Divorces

Sapporo.

Spring might turn a young man's fancy to thoughts of love in some parts of Japan but on the northern island of Hokkaido the balmy days are rough on romance.

City officials here report that divorces have shot up to a record 50 a month, a post-war high and a jump of 70 per cent over 1953.

Complaints: The women claim their husbands drink too much. The men insist their wives mismanage the household budget.—United Press.



General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, former president of the Dominican Republic, now in Spain as a guest of the Spanish Government, attends military manoeuvres at the Carabanchel Camp, Madrid, accompanied by General Franco and Chiefs of Staff of the Spanish Army. American war material, which recently arrived in Spain under the new military agreement between the US and Spain, were used in the manoeuvres.—London Express.

Four Grounds For Protest

Oppama, Japan.

Residents of this small city are up in arms over construction nearby of a US Air Force helicopter base.

They complain: 1—The noise will keep their children awake. 2—They won't be able to hear their radio programmes. 3—The city will be crowded with bars and cabarets. 4—There will be a flood of prostitutes.

Merchants, however, are campaigning in favour of the base.—United Press.

Santa Claus Moving His HQ

Bracebridge, Ontario.

Santa Claus is moving his headquarters from the North Pole to a new village being built for him in one of the most beautiful spots of the Muskoka district.

Santa's village will be completed next spring, and residents of children and their parents from May to December each year.

Besides Santa's home, the headquarters will include toy workshops, stores, a post office, church, village square and other attractions. Santa is also bringing his reindeer and dozens of elves to make the toys and dolls.

The area surrounding the village, covered with pine trees, has been re-named Enchanted Forest. Most of the village buildings will be of logs with steep roofs and trimmed with bright paint.

The site is accessible by car along the north Muskoka river road or by boat from the Devil's Elbow one mile from Lake Muskoka. Landings will be built for boats.

The village will cost about \$150,000 to construct and a company has been formed to sell shares to residents of the district.—United Press.

READING AID FOR CRIPPLES

Edmonton.

Polio patients and cripples in Edmonton hospitals are now using special prismatic glasses which enable them to read without holding the book.

The glasses are one of the many services provided by the Co-ordinating Council for Crippled Children to help patients in their struggle to gain normality.

Wilf Barrell, executive secretary of the Council, said he hit on the idea by accident, when he was reading a magazine advertisement, stating that prismatic glasses are invaluable to persons wishing to read in bed without straining their eyes.

Barrell said "the thought hit me, why not try the glasses on our bed-ridden crippled children?" He ordered one pair—which was sent from New York—and tested by a patient. The test was 100 per cent successful.

A patient equipped with prismatic glasses can lie on his back with the book resting on his stomach. Through a series of prisms and reflecting mirrors the patient stares straight ahead and the type is reflected as though it were being held up in front.

At present, crippled children are using the glasses to enable them to keep up with their school work.

SECOND ADVANTAGE Another advantage of the glasses is that patients can put them backwards and see what is directly behind them. Sister Rozario, superior at the Edmonton general hospital, says the patients enjoy being able to see behind them and ask to be buckled near a window to watch activities outside.

The first glasses from the United States were made of plastic, but now a new order of 50 pairs made of glass has been placed with a company in Paris. The cost per pair is about \$15.

The glasses are gifts of the Council for crippled children and are available to any patient needing them. They are given to doctors for distribution at each hospital.—United Press.

Jet Pilots Given Tough Training

(United Press Staff Correspondent Rosanna Groarke is one of the few women who have been given flights in RCAF jet planes. Following is her description of the flight.)

By ROSANNA GROARKE

MacDonald, Manitoba.

Three miles above the ground, hanging from nowhere, in a jet plane, your only enemy is "G"—the symbol for the enormous pull of gravity that presses and could crush and destroy you.

To the NATO personnel training here, however, the wild blue yonder is likened to the backyard of a suburban dwelling.

"If you feel sick, ma'am," said F/O Lorne Webster before take-off in a T-33 Silver Star, "unbuck your oxygen mask and use your helmet as a basin."

Jets, unlike boats, do not rock. And so, three miles above the ground, there was hardly any feeling of nausea. Webster first performed a roll, then a loop. He was not too sure of the loop at first. "Well, I don't know, ma'am," his voice came hollowly over the radio. "The cloud's kinda low for a loop. I can give you another roll if you want."

NOTHING LIKE IT

"There's nothing like it," Webster said, as the T-33 hit the runway, smooth and fast.

Webster, like all the pilots of MacDonald field, is crazy about jets. The base is an Air Force basic weapons training school for NATO pilots. It has been operating the only jet weapons course in Canada since February 12, 1954, with training in rockets, bombs, machineguns and cannon.

The men who go there are trained jet flyers. It is up to the school to turn them into jet fighters in six weeks.

Three weeks are spent in ground training, the remainder in air-to-air combat. The planes are sent out four at a time, and dive on a flag target towed by another jet. They make five flights with cameras instead of guns, then they are given live ammunition.

NOT SO HIGH

The present average of hits is not as high as the instructors would like, but it is expected to improve as the course continues.

Only instructors learn air-to-ground gunnery at the present time. Officials hope eventually to have all pilots take three weeks of air-to-ground training in addition to the present course.

Under the NATO programme, the Canadian takes his courses with pilots from other countries. In a recent class here, there were 11 Frenchmen, two Italians, and seven Canadians. The course is described as a grueling one, even though each man flies only three flights a day.

Group-Capt R. P. Blagrove, the commanding officer, hopes in time to have three groups of pilots going through a MacDonald field course. The strength of 33 jet trainers would be enough to cover this, he says.—United Press.

Thoughtfulness Pays Off

Tokyo.

Skittish Tokyo pedestrians, wary of the wild antics of local cab drivers, blinked their eyes in surprise at the unique performance of one young driver who actually stopped at a safety island to allow passengers to make it to the curb in safety.

The unusual performance prompted one foreigner to check the car licence, find the driver through the co-operation of police and a Tokyo newspaper, and present him a 2,000 yen cheque.—United Press.

Temporarily Changed Course

Tokyo.

An Upper House Committee complained to Tokutomi Kimura, Head of Japan's growing military force, that his naval frigates sought safety in the recent storm which whipped across Hokkaido instead of helping stricken fishing boats. "Our frigates never sought haven," Kimura replied proudly. "They only temporarily changed their course."—United Press.



Harry Odell says

SMETERLIN was born in Bielefeld, Poland. Although music was not a tradition in his family, he was given piano instruction at the age of six, and by the time he was eight had progressed so far that he was invited to play a Mozart Concerto with the local orchestra. His father, possibly his inclination to make music a career, sent him to the University of Vienna to study law, but there he quietly joined the piano class of Godowsky, and within a short time was awarded the State prize and sent to London and Berlin for demonstration recitals.

He soon became an outstanding figure in the musical circles of Paris, London, Vienna, Madrid, The Hague and Scandinavia. He went to America for the first time in the autumn of 1930, and has made annual tours since; in addition to his recitals in Great Britain he has appeared as guest artist with a number of the major symphony orchestras. He has also given successful tours in Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Cuba and Canada.

Smeterlin is recognised as one of the most brilliant interpreters of Chopin. He is a staunch supporter of the modern school, and has given first performances of numerous works by such composers as Dukas, Ravel, Albeniz and Szymanowski.

Smeterlin will give two recitals at the Empire Theatre, on Monday, 19th July, and Wednesday, 21st July, 1954. Admission prices are \$15.40, \$8.90 and \$4.70.

In conclusion, needless to say, I only associate myself with the finest of artists. Don't let the weather bother you as we are air-conditioned. Please book early at the Empire Theatre, King's Road, or the Town Booking Office, side lane, Shell House.—Advert.

TIRED EYES mean trouble

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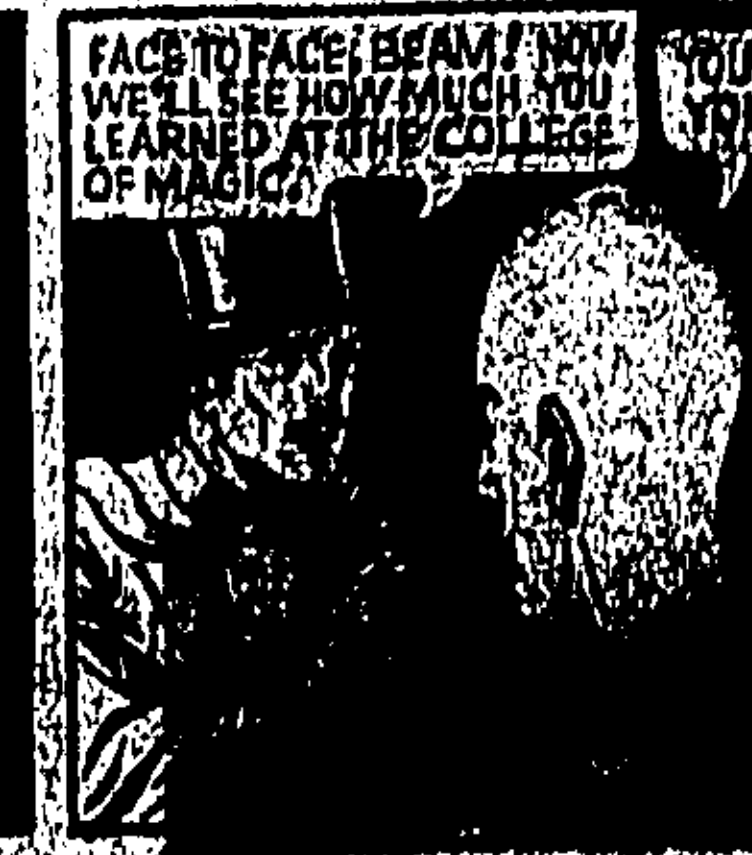
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



SIGHTSEERS crowd outside London's Dorchester Hotel to catch a glimpse of two celebrities at once — Britain's Noel Coward (extreme right), and America's glamorous grandmother, Marlene Dietrich. Both are doing a season at a London night club. (Reuterphoto).



LEFT: Hongkong-born Jennifer Lowe, aged 21, dancing the intricate pas de deux in "The Swan Lake," partnered by Robert Blake, at the Royal Hall, Harrogate, Yorkshire. Jennifer has a ten-week summer season as a ballerina with the newly-formed Ballet de l'Europe. (Express).



W-H-O-O-S-H . . . that's the Big Dipper, that was Valerie Simpson, 11-year-old from Canada, shows her approval of every second of it at the Battersea Fun Fair. Valerie, from Ontario, worked for a year baby-sitting and delivering newspapers to earn her £135 fare to Britain. (Express).



LEFT: At a Royal Engineers demonstration at Sidbury Hill, near Andover, Sapper John Bonny inflates one of the new experimental anti-mine shoes. The shoes are intended to reduce the pressure exerted by a man's foot to below that required to operate anti-personnel mines. (Army News).



GENERAL view showing the scene as the Royal party returned to the Royal box after inspecting the runners on the first day of the Ascot race meeting. Shown are Her Majesty the Queen, Her Majesty the Queen Mother, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and, behind, Princess Alexandra.

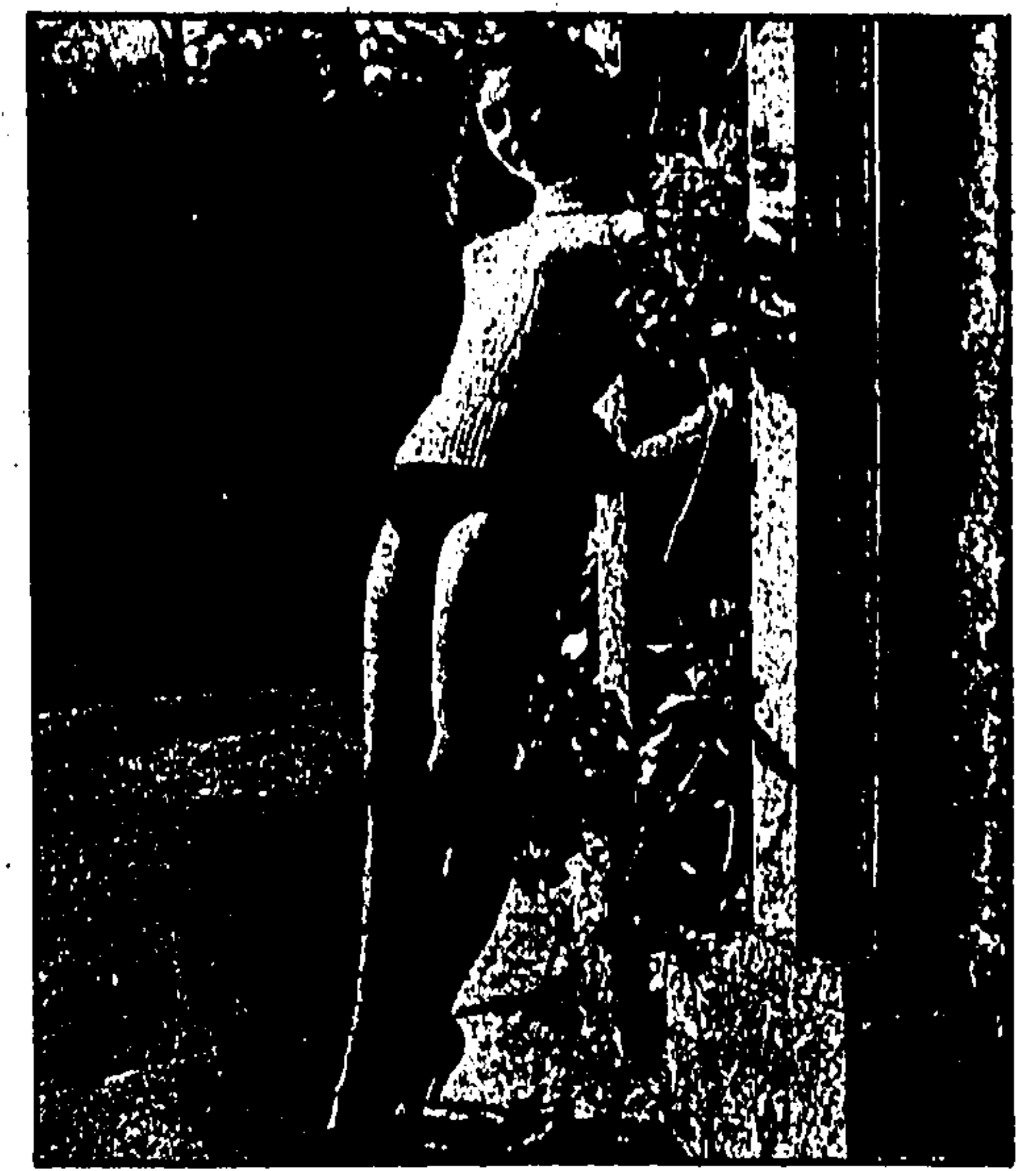
HOME PICTORIAL



DAVID NIVEN and his wife snapped on their arrival at the Globe Theatre, London, to see the new Noel Coward musical, "After The Ball." (Express).



SIR GORDON RICHARDS pictured at Sandown Park on his first appearance on a race course since his accident at Salisbury. "I am quite fit now," he said, "and tickled to death to be back again." (Express).



MARIGOLD RUSSELL relaxes in the grounds at Shepperton Studios between outdoor shots for the film, "The Belles of St Trinians," inspired by cartoonist Ronald Searle's "awful schoolgirls." Marigold plays one of the sixth forms.



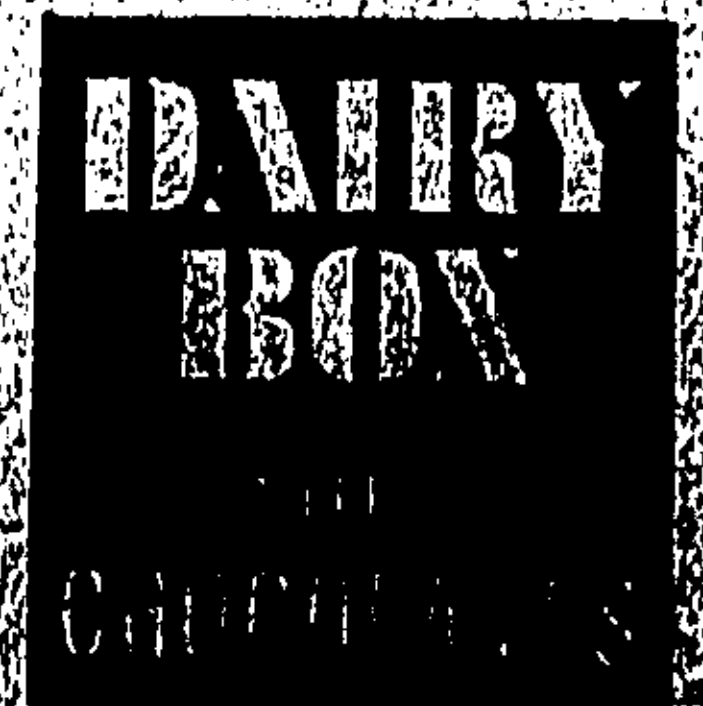
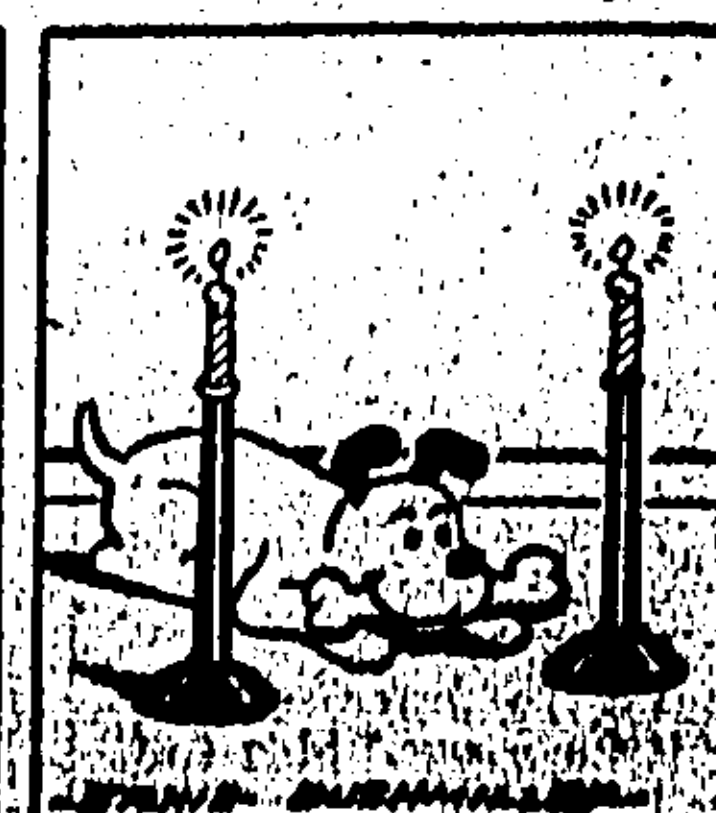
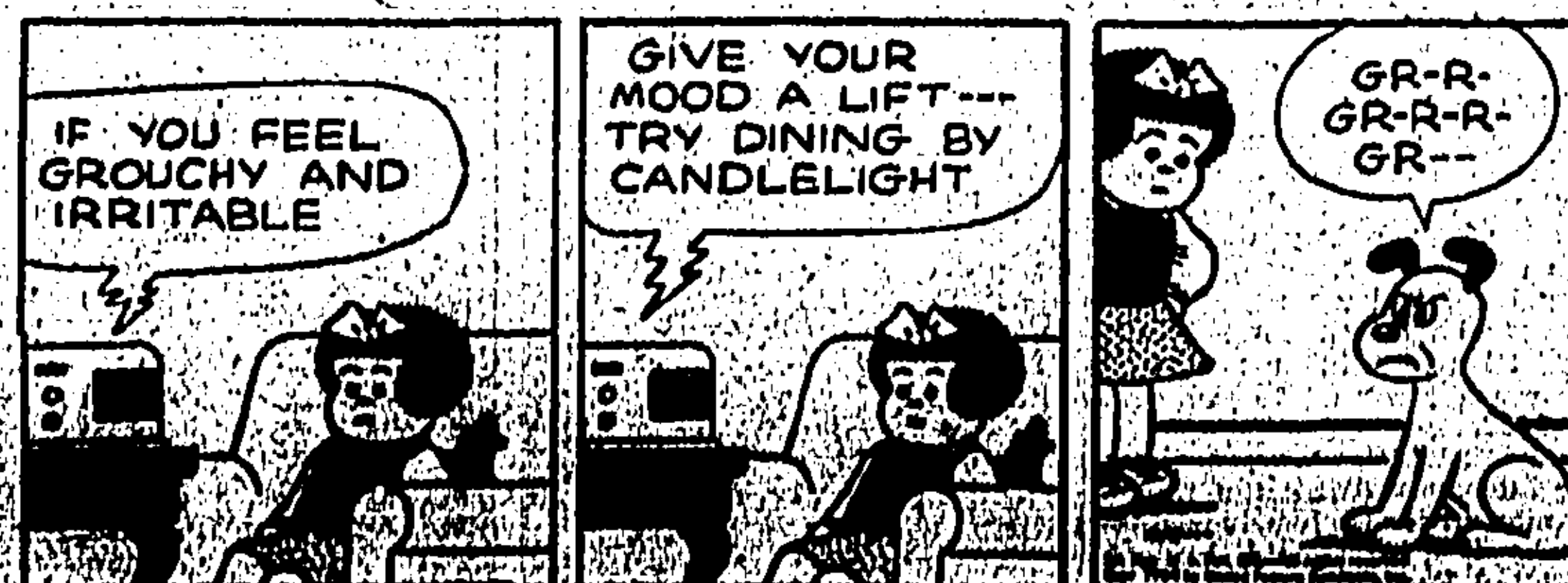
MISS Grace Thornton, who has been appointed British Consul in Copenhagen. She is 41, and weaves tapestry for a hobby. (Express).



STANLEY MATTHEWS, one of Britain's star soccer players, hits out trying his hand at baseball during a training session of England's World Cup players at Rochampton before their departure for Switzerland. (Express).

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Nostalgia From A Queen's Treasure

By Jack Sen

LONDON. PRICELESS and irreplaceable as the late Queen Mary's art treasures may be, they are also a brilliant reminder of her worldwide interests.

And they recall, too, the era of Empire in its Victorian splendour and the years when crowned heads ruled nearly every country in Europe.

More than four thousand of Queen Mary's treasures are on display now in replicas of the rooms of Marlborough House, her favourite residence, erected in London's Victoria and Albert Museum.

There are paintings and tapestries, elaborately worked clocks, curiously fashioned snuff boxes, medals and jewelled ornaments, and pieces of furniture normally found only in a museum.

EASTER EGG

Among them is an Easter egg, fashioned in platinum and diamonds by Carl Fabergé for his Czarina. It is a miniature of the Czar's five sons.

Inscriptions, a little nostalgic, breathe life into the pieces.

In a gold, enamelled basket is a note from Princess Sophie, George III's daughter, which tells the basket's history in her own handwriting. "From my beloved sister Mary, was my mother's; after her death the Duke of Gloucester's and now given to me, Jan. 31st, 1835," she wrote.

From India is a Jaipur jade trinket box encrusted with rubies and uncut diamonds—a gift perhaps from some loyal maharajah.

From Spain, an early 19th century fan, presented by Queen Victoria Eugenie, depicting Madrid Palace in intricate detail.

CHIEN LUNG PIECES

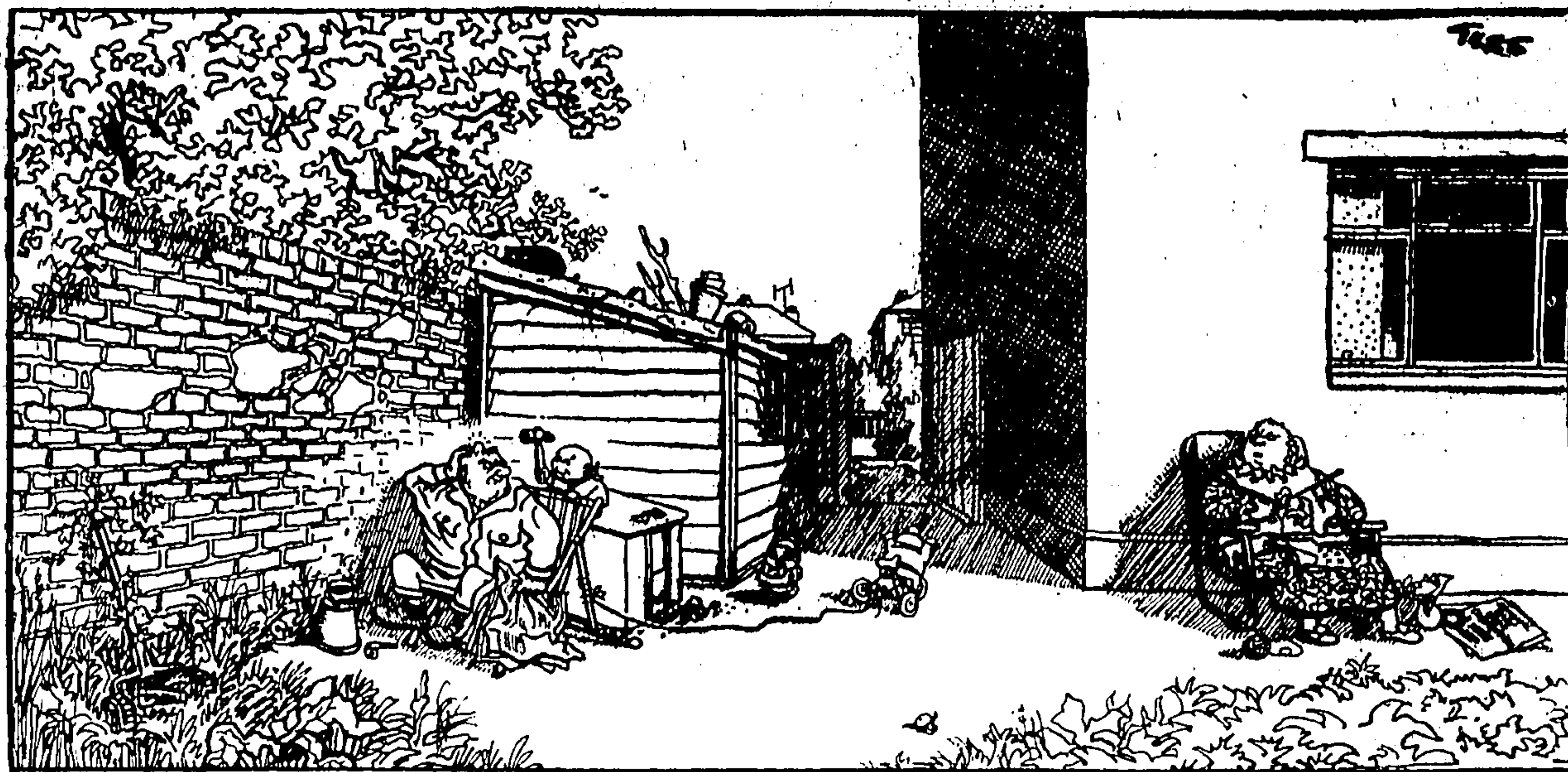
From China there are 18th century Chien Lung period pieces. Two which attract attention are a pair of pale blue and tan pendants, and a green jade dish covered with pierced and carved lotuses.

But perhaps the most moving exhibits are the least spectacular.

They are a modest display of photographs and dresses.

The photographs of the Queen from her childhood days bring to mind a generation half-forgotten today.

The dresses and their accessories, the pale blue fur-trimmed coats, the feathered toques and elegant parasols, belong to a gracious, swiftly-receding era.



"That's a nice thing to call a baby on the first day of National Baby Week."

London Express Service

THE GHOST GOES 1954

WOULD you spend the night alone in a haunted house? And if you did—what would happen to you? In June 1954! Well, let's see. And first, let's get the right idea about ghosts.

People do see ghosts, there is no doubt about that. But ghosts are not what they were. The clanking kind with, in extreme cases, the head beneath the arm, has gone.

Yet the Psychical Research Society, a body of impartial investigators, still believes in ghosts—of a kind.

What kind? Well, perhaps you have seen or heard one. Perhaps you HAVE spent a night in a "haunted" house. Judge for yourself by these experiences reported by intelligent, responsible people.

★ ★ ★

A message came down from the moors that an old woman was dead. So my doctor friend motored up to the three-roomed stone house where she had lived with her 84-year-old crippled husband.

The doctor went up to the bedroom alone, viewed the body and left. That night he called back to comfort the old man. "You know, she's not really dead, doctor," the old man said. "Listen."

CHAPMAN PINCHER begins today a new exploration of the World of the Uncanny

It started with a cable from America. New progress was reported in the proof of telepathy—the mysterious "sixth-sense" faculty. And all the unanswered questions that people ask about

the world beyond the five senses came to life again. What is the TRUTH, in the light of today's discoveries? That is the question our Science Reporter has set out to answer in this new series.

YOU're the one who does the haunting!

To his horror the doctor heard someone shuffling about in the room above. Fearful he had been mistaken, in signing the death certificate, he took the candle and went upstairs. The noise had stopped. The body lay on the bed as he had left it.

The explanation? The doctor had experienced an auditory hallucination—a trick of the brain brought about by the old man's eerie suggestion.

Dr D. J. West, of the Psychical Research Society, reports this case.

David McConnell, 18-year-old trainee pilot, was asked to fly an aeroplane from Seampton, Lines, to Tadcaster, where he crashed at 3.25 p.m.

His room-mate reported that at that time he was sitting reading when he heard footsteps coming up the corridor and saw McConnell enter, wearing his

kit and naval cap. After a short talk McConnell left. A check confirmed that at the time McConnell was lying dead 60 miles away.

All that is needed to explain this uncanny experience is to accept the possibility that telepathy—the transfer of mental messages across space—sometimes occurs at moments of crisis. The evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of this belief as I hope to show in the next article.

I suggest that at the moment of the crash a message passed from the subconscious mind of McConnell to



Drawing by HOFFMUNG

that of his room-mate, whose brain then produced the hallucination by filling in the details of the footsteps, the clothing, and the voice.

This theory that ghosts are hallucinations triggered off by telepathy was first put forward in detail by the distinguished British psychic researcher G. N. M. Tyrrell. There is growing evidence to support it.

The fact, for instance, that people see "ghosts" of themselves shows that apparitions need not be spirits from another world. This example, from the casebook of Professor Jean E. Hermitte, Paris neurologist, is typical.

A woman saw her own image bending over her child's bed dressed in clothes she had not worn for some time. The face of the phantom was extremely sad.

She remembered that when one of her children had died three months previously its body had been placed in that bed. The phantom's clothes were the mourning clothes she had worn then.

There are even corroborated cases in which people have witnessed phantoms of themselves appear to someone else by telepathy and have apparently succeeded.

So there is the modern idea of ghosts—products of the mind. And there is the answer to what would happen if you spent a night alone in a "haunted" house. If it was really haunted then, of course, it was haunted by the ghost of a person who had died. But you don't try to persuade your husband to stay because he has promised to take you to a race, somewhere else. You forget the party. But if it isn't really haunted, it's just a trick of the mind. You'll be all right.

ghosts are not a psychic manifestation.

When one is reported there is usually a child in the house passing through the difficult period of adolescence or someone else experiencing a similar mental disturbance.

It is they who throw the objects and break the windows—often without consciously realising it.

Haunted houses where the same kind of ghost is repeatedly seen by different people over several years are difficult to explain by the telepathy theory, but there are few, if any, which stand up to investigation.

My confidence in reports on haunted houses was shattered when I investigated the case of Borley Rectory, "the most haunted house in England," said to be haunted by the ghost of a murdered nun.

★ ★ ★

After questioning witnesses at Borley I left convinced that the reports were worthless.

The main difficulty with the telepathy theory of uncanny experiences is in explaining those which are seen by two or more people at the same time.

Again I have never been able to track down such a case, but there are many on the Psychical Research Society's records. Thus:

Two young Englishwomen on holiday near Dieppe three years ago claimed to have heard ghostly voices, and ghostly plants re-enacting the Command raid which had taken place there nine years before.

They made full notes of the voices and the times at which they heard them. These times coincided almost exactly with the main events of the Dieppe raid as recorded in official reports which the women had never seen.

A case, reported by Tyrrell in his scholarly book "Apparitions," is even more startling. Mrs P. saw a man standing at the foot of the bed dressed in naval clothes. She told her husband to look.

The figure, an apparition of his father who had been dead 14 years, spoke to him in a reproachful voice and vanished. Later the husband disclosed that he was in financial trouble and at the time the ghost appeared had been considering doing something discreditable to get out of it.

★ ★ ★

It could be argued that the apparition in this case was seen by both people because it was a real ghost—a spirit returned from the dead.

However, that argument is destroyed by the following equally well-documented report of the "ghost" of a living person seen by two people:

A woman asleep in her home dreamed she entered a ship's cabin and saw her sailor husband and another man asleep. At the same time the husband dreamed that his wife entered the cabin in her nightdress, leaned over his berth and kissed him. He then woke up to find his companion staring at him and accusing him of admitting a strange woman into the cabin at night.

Later the wife accurately described the cabin which she had never seen in waking life. If this account is true, it defies reasonable explanation by any theory yet devised.

Next Week: The truth about telepathy.

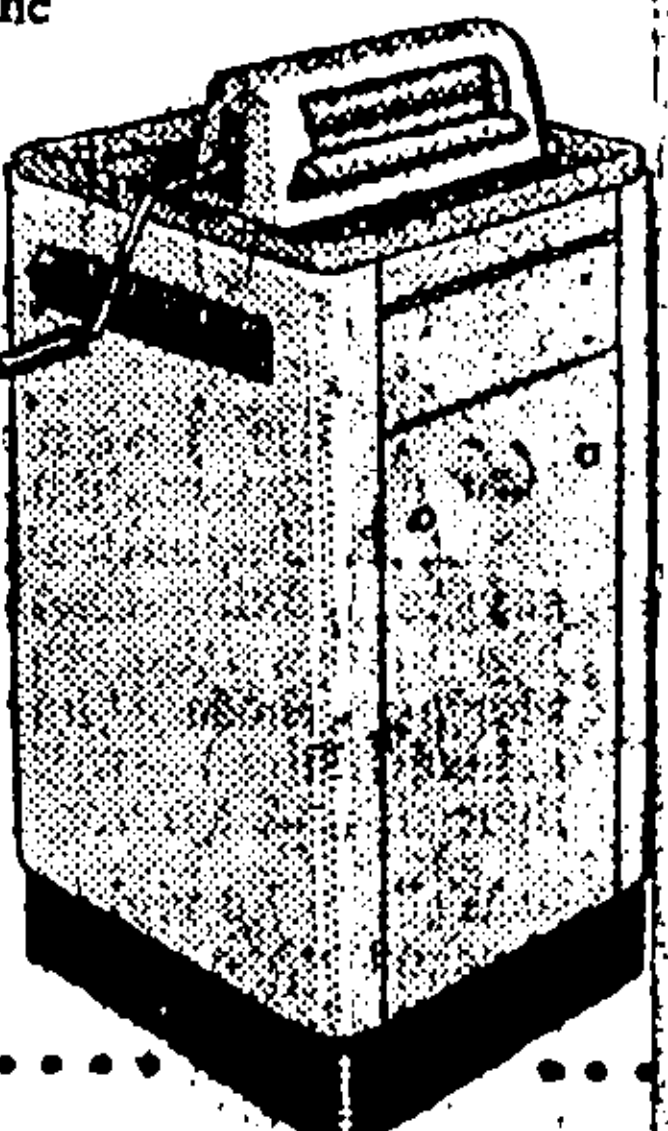
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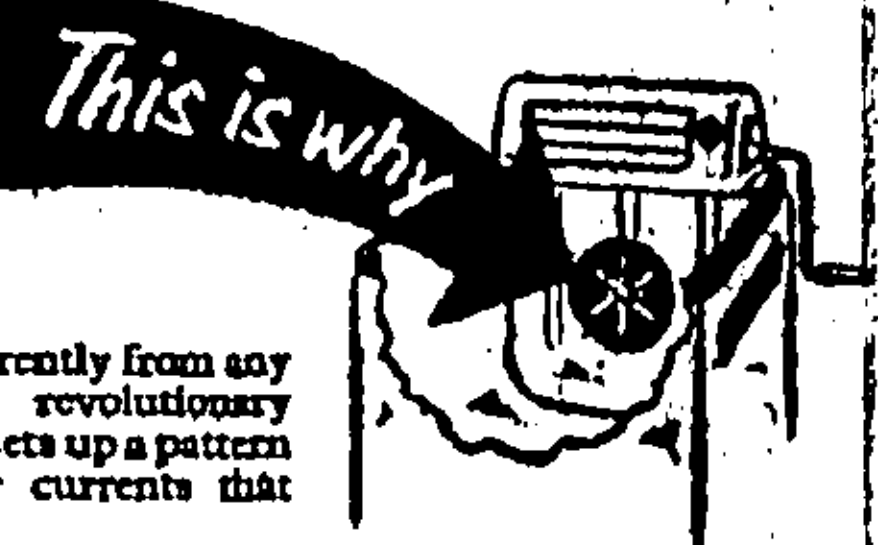
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Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom.

Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time.

It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and mud by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention.

It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.



THIS ACE JOCKEY'S WIFE HAS HER BUSY DAYS

By Dorothy Barkley

LONDON. IF you rose at five in the morning, travelled eighteen miles to Epsom to watch your husband exercise his horse, flew seventy-five miles to visit friends, then returned to London to do some last-minute shopping, how would you feel?

Tired . . . worn out? Maybe.

But that's the way Mrs Hazel Longden lives.

Mrs Longden, slim and fair-haired, is the 30-year-old wife of Johnny Longden, America's champion jockey who flew to England to ride in the Derby.

She greeted me with the words: "Gee, I am tired." After this particular day's excursions, she had changed from a smart tweed suit into a comfortable black sweater and skirt. And we settled down to talk about the kind of life led by a champion jockey's wife.

"It's easier for wives to be with their husbands at home in California," she said. "Race meetings aren't dotted around the country

as they are in Britain. We have a season of races—usually three months—in the same place. In Santa Anita, there are two racing seasons each year. We have a house near there, so it means Johnny can be home for six months."

She added, with the twinkling eye of a woman who likes a change from home chores now and again: "The rest of the year I enjoy travelling around with him."

Perfect Partner

Marked on a map and dated in her diary are visits to Calgary, Canada, for a wedding at the end of this month, and an autumn holiday with friends in Vancouver.

Mrs Longden is the perfect partner for her jockey husband. "I have known Johnny since I was 'so high,'" she "went on." "When he came to the States, twenty-seven years ago, the first person he rode for was my father."

She has lived in the racing world all her life. Born into the "business" at Winnipeg, Manitoba, her father was a horse owner and trainer.

By now she has learned not to worry overmuch even before a big race. And, if she worries at all, she conceals it.

As the racing season lasts all the year round in California, the Longdens have few outside interests there.

"There's no time for anything else. I play an occasional game of golf. But I play it; I don't take it seriously. Really, we lead a quiet life. Most evenings we spend at home watching television. When we're away, we feel we have to be out every minute finding out what's going on. But in California, we know exactly what's going on—so we stay at home."

"In New York or London—I've been here several times before—we try to pack as much as possible into the time. We've seen three shows in the last fortnight. They were a musical review, a psychological drama and a light comedy."

"Home" is a luxurious dream house near Santa Anita, a cattle ranch in Nevada—and two children, Eric, two, and Andrea, seven.

"They are both mad about horses," said their mother. "Eric, of course, wants to be a jockey, too. But we're afraid he's going to be too big. Andrea, she's not

horses all day long and she just wishes she were a boy."

Switching to clothes, Mrs Longden pronounced that a good, well-cut suit fills the fashion picture.

"Suits are just right for racetracks. Your Royal Ascot—but of course there's nothing like that in the States. People go for the races. Women don't bother overmuch about fashion, so long as they look smart."

Packed Time-table

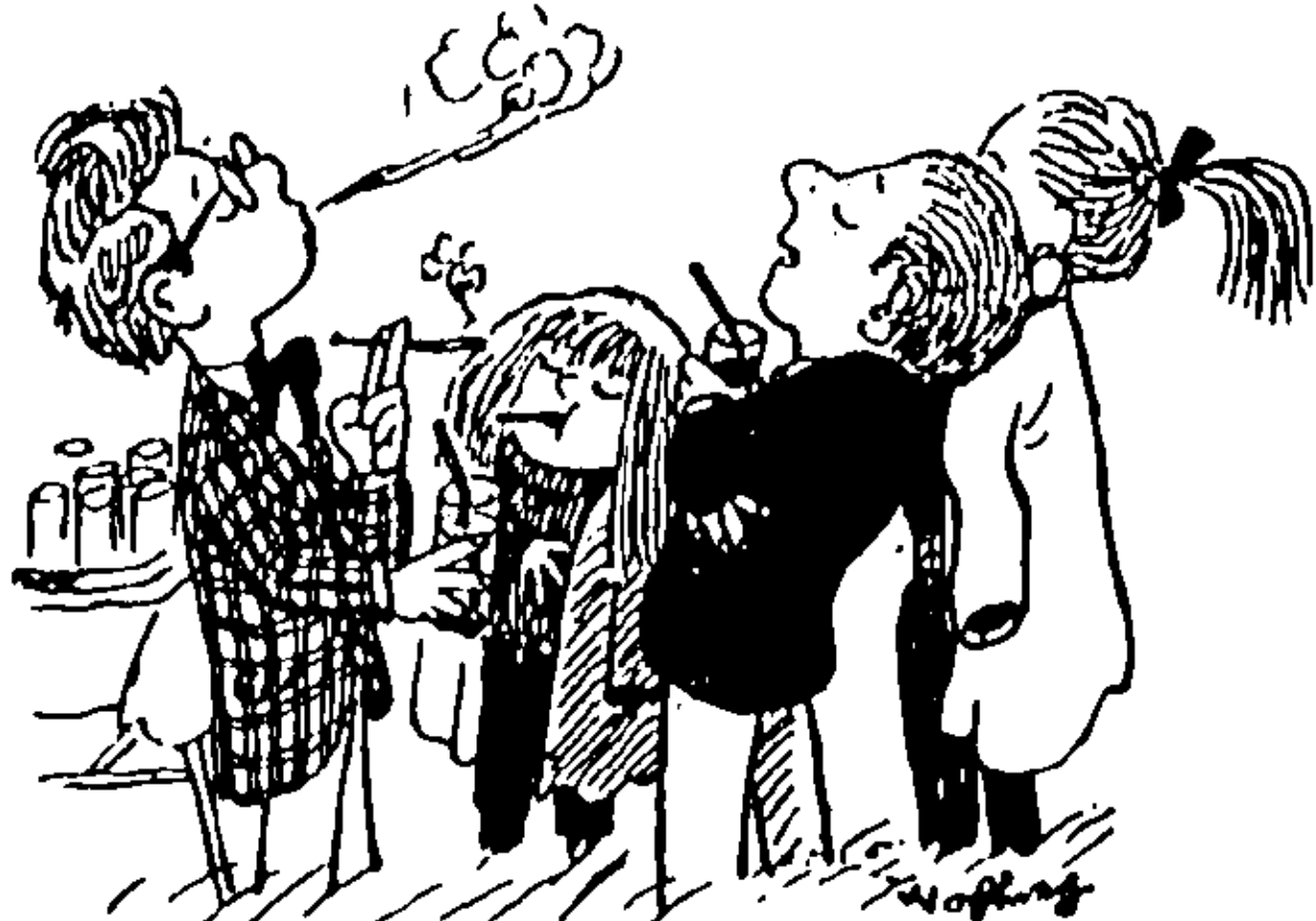
But there is just an occasional moment when Mrs Longden might wish she had more time on her hands when she is away from home.

In London, she has visited friends and friends, done a lot of sightseeing, gone shopping—woolen cloth for herself, trinkets for the children.

Then, if you are the wife of a champion jockey, "you follow a packed time-table," she explained. You leave England almost the moment the big race is over. Maybe there is a wonderful party coming on soon. But you don't try to persuade your husband to stay because he has promised to take you to a race, somewhere else. You forget the party. But if it isn't really a party, it's just a trick of the mind. You'll be all right.

But what about that lipstick?

by ELIZABETH PAKENHAM



"ARE teenagers too sophisticated?" Emphatically yes, says a Woking reader who has just written to me deploring those "hard-faced schoolchildren with their lipstick and earrings." "Jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, but never jam today," Teenagers want jam today.

Well, is he right? I have checked up a good many teenagers, including my own children, and here are my results. Teenagers want to be sophisticated. (Whether they are another matter.) The other day my 13-year-old was taken for 16. "I felt absolutely wonderful," she said.

Sophistication may set in even before the teens. My 10-year-old son came home recently all agog with social gossip. "Marilyn's going about with the big girls, with her coat hung on her shoulders. And she's only nine!" To us adults, who have forgotten our teens, this craving for prematurity seems fantastic.

Who would dream of carrying a furred rosebud into a hot room to make it full-blown? Yet this is what teenagers try to do to themselves.

All very distressing. But whose fault is it? I believe parents partly blame themselves to blame. At any rate, I can see three ways of helping our children to keep young.

FIRST. Don't overwork such phrases as, "You can't do that yet, you're only a child. Wait till you're older."

Instead of telling them to wait, find them something enjoyable to do now appropriate to their age. You remember the White Queen's slogan in Alice? "Jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, but never jam today."

Help them choose good books. Go to the public library with them. Suggest suitable films. Arrange outdoor activities. Give them subscriptions to clubs. Study their tastes. Above all, take trouble.

SECOND. Give more praise to the glories of youth. Why do we pay so few compliments to our children's complexion, hair, energy, curiosity, gaiety?

Let us try new tactics. Instead of saluting out with ostentatious joy to have our precious "perm"—thereby inflaming our teenagers with desire to do the same—square a word of praise for their own smooth heads. "Aren't you lucky to have that thick, shining hair? I only wish I could still wear mine straight!"

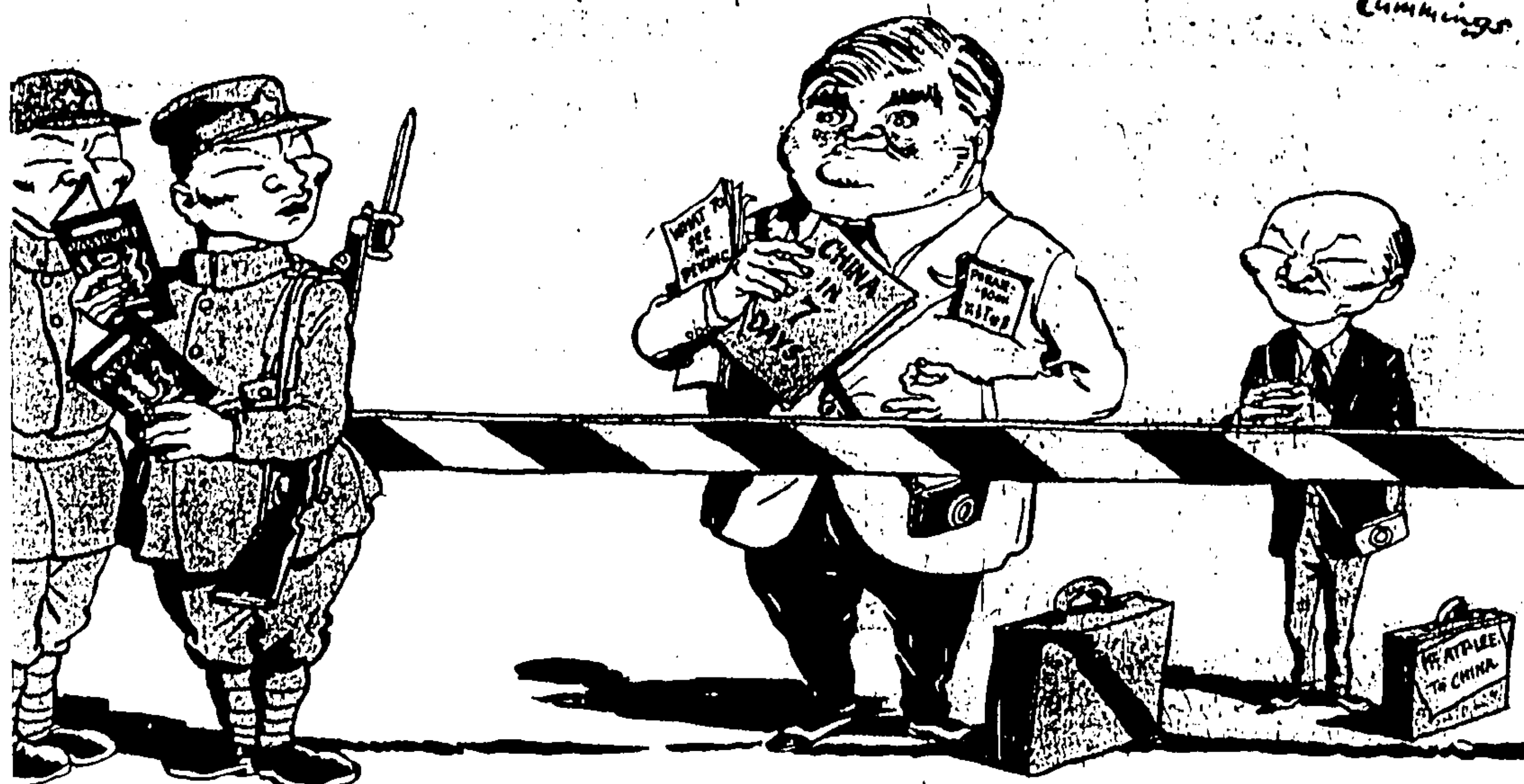
THIRD. Don't remove all discipline the moment they leave school. Be at home when they are. And don't turn them out on a summer evening, even for the sake of having some peace.

When my eldest daughter was approaching what he considered a "dangerous age," her great-uncle, a poet, sent her a poem which began like this:

"Take for thy guide the daffodil, That does not smoke, and never wilt."

Among thy chief advisers place The rose, that does not paint her face."

We all want our children to resemble the lilies of the field. For besides not toiling or spinning, they neither powder nor paint.



"Mm...one Western barbarian—but who is the inscrutable Chinese gentleman behind?"

London Express Service

THEY CALL IT BOKC*

It's a boxing match where no one gets knocked out

From RENE MacCOLL

Tashkent, Uzbekistan, Soviet Central Asia. It's a lovely evening, so let's stroll round to the "Park of Rest and Culture," and there have a look at the boxing.

What—boxing in old Tashkent? Oh, but yes, only here they spell it b-o-k-c. It amounts to the same thing, or almost.

The Park of Rest and Culture is a leafy spot with open-air orchestra platforms, women selling ice-cream, someone singing through an amplifier, a profusion of stately, and some satirical political cartoons concerning foreign events which are evidently to the liking of the passers-by.

We plank down our 10s. apiece and so to the front row at the b-o-k-c.

BOKC, or boxing, pugilism. Bokc, m. boxer, pugilist.

It takes place on the stage of an open air concert auditorium and we are sitting in the front row of the stalls with maybe a couple of hundred fans behind us. The stage is pretty crowded. On each flank of the roped-off square there is a large bank of stragglers and supporters and hangers-on, maybe 30 or so.

Then at the back behind a long table sit eight or nine officials, all taking notes, including four young men.

The referees rotate—there is a young and most intent chap who wears a Ukrainian type blouse with embroidery down the front, a stout, bustling, middle-aged man with gold-rimmed glasses who takes no nonsense from anyone, and a youth so slim that you expect him to collapse from the wind of the, oh so missed, right swings.

Those silences

At the start of each fight the two contestants and the referee stand to attention shoulder to shoulder facing the audience, the referee in the middle. Then the man in charge at the long table intones the names over a loudspeaker.

Each man on hearing his name takes a stiff half-pace forward, brings his heels together and steps back again. No applause. No cheers. No nothing.

It's that same strange silence that accompanied the horse-racing back there in Moscow. Some day I may perhaps find out just what does excite a crowd in the Soviet Union, but the day is not yet.

Those counts

THE fights start and after a few seconds of tear-away action there comes a halt.

Someone has hit someone else a bash on the jaw.

The receiver doesn't go down, he doesn't even seem much hurt, but the man who has landed walks away, turns his back and the referee proceeds to a quick count—with the struck man on his feet and visibly not dazed.

During the entire evening, and perhaps 30 fights, I saw not a single knock-out and only one semi-knock-down—more of a slip than anything.

The chaps were hitting with everything they'd got and there was quite a bit of blood, mainly noses.

They all looked in fine training and, of course, we ran the gamut of racial types—for this part of the world has been invaded pretty regularly down the centuries and the faces of the inhabitants mirror what has gone before in the way of Persian or Arab or Tartar invaders. Blond young Russians, dark, dark Uzbeks, Chinese faces, and some unclassifiable. Everyone all aggression from the opening bell, and the favourite blow was a roundhouse swing. Very clean fighting and almost no holding.

Those talks

EVERY fight started with the referee calling "B-o-k-c" and plunging his arm down as the signal to start. At each infringement he would cry "Stop" in English, and then lecture the lads with severity.

Just one of all those fighters displayed what we would call a classic straight left—and he won by a mile.

Once a referee strode across the ring and tore a strip off a second who was wearing a cap at his work. Looking sheepish, the luckless fellow passed his

cap to one of the camp followers near by.

The fights were for the Central Tashkent City championships, and I saw nobody over welter-weight. I guess heavies around here are as rare as bowler hats.

The men were all poker-faced and took what was coming to them with dogged courage—whatever their race or colour. The only people who displayed any emotion were the referees.

Those stares

AT the end of each fight the two scrappers and the referee would again line up shoulder to shoulder and stare woodenly out over our heads, with the referee grasping each man by the wrist.

After a whispered chat at the long bench the referee would get the nod and up would go the winner's hand to no applause whatever. A brief handshake and out to the dressing-rooms in dead silence. All very cultural and restful.

P.S.

AS WE LEFT I said to my guide: "In England we do not start counting until one of the men is knocked down."

He replied: "In the Soviet Union we are more humane. It is not necessary to be brutally felled."

See, MacColl? And the Afghan border only an hour off. And Tashkent the Great Invader passed this way.

Parliament Guards Its Customs

By J. W. TAYLOR

THE British House of Commons is extremely jealous of its rights and privileges, and in certain respects it observes ancient customs as zealously as former Parliaments did in the days they were started centuries ago.

This was soon impressed upon one MP recently as he moved to seek information and was bewildered to be greeted with loud cries of "Order! Order!" with the question still unasked. He turned to find Members all around him pointing to his feet and then jumped backwards quickly as if away from the edge of a cliff top.

Technically, he had been deemed to have stood with one foot over a precipice in offending Parliamentary good taste and custom by putting a foot over one of the red lines which run along the green carpet on either side of the debating chamber.

The lines were put down originally because in earlier days MP's on opposite sides of the House were often drawn into sword fights in the middle of the floor—and it really did make such a mess of the carpet. The strict rule was established that Members in future should not cross the lines during debate, and it has been enforced ever since. The distance between the two lines has always been two sword's lengths.

Privileges

There are many privileges, rights and customs Parliament has earned over the centuries, and they are not to be trifled with as the offender against privilege would soon discover. He can be summoned before a special committee and, if serious enough, to the Bar of the House itself. This is the dividing line over which no "Stranger" may pass. It is also marked on the carpet, but a telescopic Bar is pulled out from a case on the floor and used on special occasions. Members who address their fellow Members by their names commit a breach. It must be "The Honourable and Gallant Gentleman" for an officer MP; "The Honourable and Learned Gentleman" for a Queen's Counsel; and "The Right Honourable Gentleman" for a Privy Counsellor.

Mention of another MP of the same party calls for "Mr Honourable Friend, the Member for..." and for one of another party the word "friend" is dropped for the "Honourable Gentleman."

Members may only be named by the Speaker, either when he selects the next speaker in a debate or reproves an MP for unruly or unseemly conduct. The names of Members are subject to a motion to suspend him and its approval calls for the Sergeant-at-Arms to escort him from the premises. There can be no return until the Commons approve and due apology offered.

Royal Messages

Since the days in 1642 when the House was fighting for its independence against King Charles I, who once supervised the arrest of seven MPs during a debate, no reigning monarch has been allowed to enter the House of Commons. This is why Parliament is always opened by the Sovereign from the House of Lords, from whence a Royal Command to attend is sent by Gentlemen Usher of the Black Rod, in whose face the Commons door is slammed, as in the days when Royal messages were always suspect by the Commons, thus signifying their independence.

Most respected personage in the Commons today is the Speaker. There was a line in the days before the Civil War when his office was not readily sought by Members, lest one fell a victim of the then current suspicion that the holder was often necessary to use force to make a Member take the Chair. Tradition now requires present-day Commons to take the man chosen to be Speaker by the arms and for the candidate to struggle as he is bodily propelled to the Chair.

Spy Scare

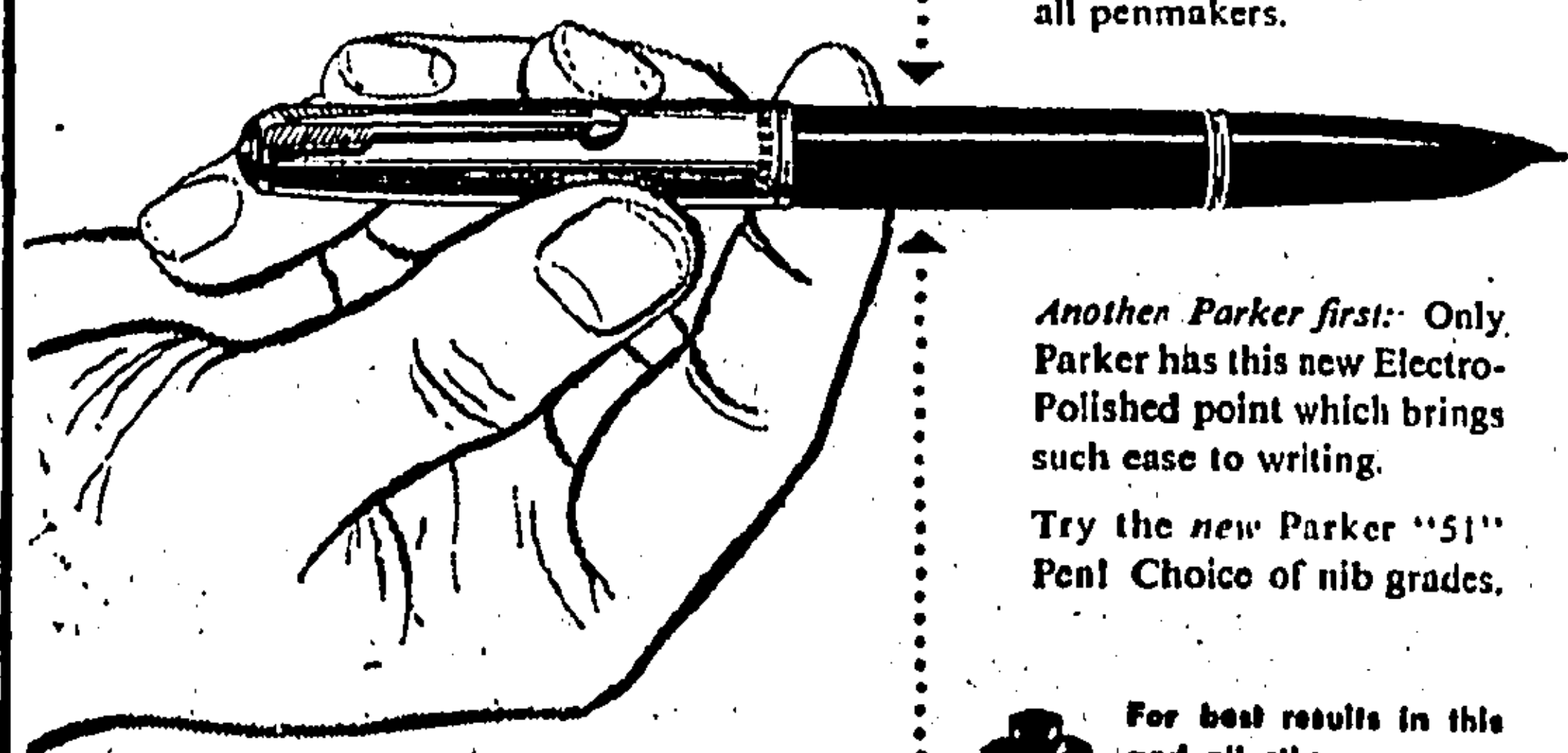
The spy scare at one time caused the Commons to discuss finance after forming itself into a special committee and request the Speaker to wait outside. Modern Budgets are always discussed in committee at one particular stage in keeping with this old custom.

Some members still maintain the old custom on special days of sitting on the benches wearing top hats and removing them only when rising to speak. The strange sight has been seen of a top-hatted Conservative member sitting in a Socialist Cabinet. Ministers, because ancient tradition allows him as MP representing the City of London the privilege of sitting on the Government benches.



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HE MADE THE V-WEAPONS

By Milton Shulman

Ten years ago this month the first V.1 dropped out of the sky and astonished Britain. And a little later came the V.2's. Not till today has the No. 1 brain behind the V.2 told his story...

A DREAM saved countless thousands of English lives. It came to Adolf Hitler in 1943. No V.2 would ever reach England.

Obediently the word trickled down through the Nazi chain-of-command. Peenemunde, the experimental rocket station, was to be given no priority in labour or materials. An ambitious production programme of 300 rockets a month ground down almost to a halt.

Then four months later the Fuehrer was shown a film of the first successful launching of a large-scale rocket. The event had actually taken place in October 1942.

The imposing sight of this 40ft. missile travelling at over 3,000 miles an hour stirred in Hitler groundless hopes of a quick German victory. The rocket was designed to carry one ton of high explosive, have a range of 160 miles, and hit the earth with an impact corresponding to 50,000 tons of bombs falling together at 60 miles an hour.

"What I want is annihilation—annihilating effect," shouted the Fuehrer, frantically making plans for more and bigger rockets.

But Major-General Walter Dornberger, who was responsible for the development of the long-range rocket and who has

told his incredible story in V.2 (Hurst and Blackett, 16s.), knew that it was already too late.

Even Hitler sensed that his intuition had sadly let him down. "I have had to apologise to two men only in my life," he said to Dornberger, after seeing the V.2 film. "The first was Field-Marshal von Brauchitsch. I did not listen to him when he told me again and again how important your research was. The second man is yourself. I never believed that your work would be successful."

This waste of a critical year in the development of the rocket is only part of a staggering tale of ineptitude, shortsightedness, and bureaucratic bungling. The German reputation for technical efficiency will have a hard time living down the fiasco of the V.2.

For research on rocket propulsion for military purposes was started away back in 1929. Most of the scientists in the department had entered the work because of their interest in the possibilities of space travel. For years they patiently carried on

with their dangerous and exhausting studies with nothing but abuse or indifference from officialdom.

Hitler paid only one visit to Peenemunde—in 1939—and then he was obviously bored by the entire business. When war began rockets were given lowest production priority.

Fortunately, Churchill took the V.2 far more seriously than did Hitler. A stray experimental rocket landing in Sweden warned us of the deadly potentialities of such a weapon.

On August 17, 1943, Peenemunde was struck by 311 heavy Allied bombers. Forty of them failed to come back.

"The results," writes Churchill, "were of capital importance. But for this, said Hitler's bombardment of London by rockets might well have started early in 1944. In fact it was delayed until September."

General Dornberger says this was not so. Although the Peenemunde raid killed 288 people, including two scientists, it caused, he says, the most important buildings to be air-raid-proofed, and the scientists

the delay in production at no more than four to six weeks.

The first V.2 fell in Chiswick on September 8, 1944. Almost 1,200 were successfully launched against England, and they killed 2,374 and seriously injured 6,470.

Is General Dornberger right when he says that the V.2 might have had a decisive influence on the course of the war had Hitler's co-operation enabled them to fire rockets against England some two years earlier?

General Eisenhower would appear to share this view. For he has written: "It seemed likely that if the German had succeeded in perfecting and using these new weapons six months earlier than he did our invasion of Europe would have proved exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible."

Although V.2 is a story of failure and frustration, it is difficult to shed many tears for its author. The sight of these monstrous, death-dealing missiles makes him almost lyrical.

"Potent joy swept over me," he writes, as he contemplates more and more V.2's. "This shall must be through with happy, contented workers. I must hear in the roaring, pounding, whistling, humming, faintly varied sounds of work in progress." Dornberger, a generally bright man, is a sad and

An Ex-King's Personal Story... Chapter 8

I LEAVE MY BELOVED COUNTRY FOR EXILE

By Ex-King Peter Of Yugoslavia

Some 50 unidentified planes, making for Belgrade, at 4 a.m., drove King Peter and his staff to the Palace shelter. He returned to bed when the "all clear" was sounded more than three hours later.

THE next thing I remember was an ear-splitting scream and a muffled roar as a bomb exploded. I jumped out of bed and, as I was putting on my greatcoat, there was a blinding flash outside and hot air rushed in through the open window, flinging me to the floor.

The other window, which was closed, was blown into the room entire, where it crashed to the ground. It had begun.

I made for the shelter, like everyone else. Everything was in darkness and only I had a torch.

The air-conditioning was not working. Air Command told me that about 200 bombers were attacking the city. Heinkel H's and Junker Stukas. I was told that a squadron of Hurricanes had just taken off and that two squadrons of Messerschmitts were on their way from Kraljevo.

When the first wave of bombers were over, I went back to the White House to get dressed. I had a guard posted on the roof with a trumpet to announce the approach of enemy planes.

As I was dressing, the trumpet sounded, and from the window I saw some fighter planes approaching from the south. I put my head through the emergency exit to see what was going on.

What I saw horrified me. Thinking that were German planes, our Hurricanes attacked the Messerschmitts. Casualties were considerable. This was the fault of the ground control.

★

A FEW minutes after this unhappy incident a second wave of bombers, escorted by fighters, continued the bombing of the city. General Simovitch arrived wearing his bedroom slippers, as he had his corns operated on the day before.

We had been attacked along this border and all communications had been destroyed. Simovitch said that he had "some very good news."

Ambassador Gabrilovitch had sent a telegram to say that he had signed a pact of friendship and mutual aid with Molotov. I could not share Simovitch's enthusiasm.

I went to the Marble Palace to collect some clothes and some papers. The road leading to the Palace was pitted with craters. At the Palace I found that the main entrance was blocked with debris so we had to enter by the library.

Every window was blown in and inside all was chaos. The main bedroom had received a direct hit, as had the tunnel, where seven guards who had been using it as a shelter had been killed.

Air H.Q. reported that the Germans were approaching Nish and meeting with very little resistance, but we had sent our Blenheim bombers to try to hold up their Panzer advance. I was informed that we had despatched a Blenheim squadron to bomb Budapest.

To my astonished demand for the reason for this I was told: "Don't you know that Hungary has declared war?"

★

I CONSIDERED it a very bad policy to reply in such a way to a declaration of war at this juncture, when all our planes were needed to hold up the German Panzer advance.

I was astonished at the Hungarian declaration of war after the conclusion, a few months earlier, of a Pact of Mutual Aid between our two countries. I was later informed that, as a result of this switch in the Hungarian attitude to us, Count Tokeli, the man responsible for concluding the pact with us and whom I had met personally in Belgrade, committed suicide that very day.

I left Belgrade by car. As we passed by Mount Avala I took a last long look at Belgrade. My loved native city was burning and a column of smoke rose to the sky where waves after waves of bombers were flying.

I travelled to Zvornik. Along the entire journey we met with crowds of refugees walking, often in rags, the children, or riding in their oxen carts with all their worldly goods.

About 12 miles from Zvornik, we passed through Banja Koviljica, a delightful watering place, where I saw many of my generals drinking apertiffs on the terrace of one of the big hotels.

On the second day of my arrival, Simovitch reported that the bombing of Belgrade had continued all night. German troops were already on the outskirts of the city.

The communication system was in complete chaos, and the fifth column by issuing erroneous orders to the troops, had gained complete command over their movements.

I sent my valet to Belgrade to collect some things. He reported that the city was in a state of chaos and destruction, with looting going on everywhere.

On the evening of the 6th, Dr. Miletich came to see me from Uziwe, where the Government had been evacuated. He said that he intended to return by car to Zagreb because at the time all the Croat troops had given up fighting and deserted.

★

HE intended to try to arouse their morale once more. I contacted him in stayers we needed him as Croat representative with the Government, but he felt too strongly that he must share his people's fate.

On the morning of the next day we left for Iian Plesak. It was snowing, and by the time we got up there after a three-hour drive the snow was very deep.

About 6 p.m. an aide drew my attention to a column of cars going by which he had identified as the High Command.

I told him to read an officer to ask for details. The aide told me that the High Command was proceeding to Sucejevo under orders from Simovitch, as the Germans had crossed the Danube and were attacking Belgrade.

I stayed in Iian Plesak another two days. The Germans were approaching and I could hear the guns firing in the distance. I decided to proceed to Sarajevo.

It was a hard going in deep snow. At about 5 p.m. we stopped at a place called Gorazde, well off the main route, hoping to fill up our petrol tanks.

I sent a little boy from the garage to the Mayor, who was overwhelmed by my presence.

As he continued with his compliments I noticed that there were plenty of young men standing about in the streets, and found by questioning him, that he was completely ignorant of the war, although he had heard something of the revolution in the capital.

★

A DESPATCH rider drove up with a message instructing me to make not to Sarajevo but south to Niksic in Montenegro. The High Command and the Government were to join me there.

I drove on I found a car in front of us which refused to make way for us to pass although I continually sounded the horn.

Eventually I was able to get by and to pull up in front of them. As I passed them, I recognized some of my generals, one of them in the back of the car with a woman.

One of them got out of the car in a temper, but when I showed myself he stood to attention and introduced himself. He was the Commander of the 4th Army around Nish, some 300 kilometres east by road.

I asked him where he was going and he said he was making for the High Command to ask for orders, although to further questions he replied that the Germans were all round his army and that his troops were fighting.

"You are running away," I accused him, "turn back and go to your command." I posted a military policeman in the car with a light machine-gun with orders to see them back to their command.

★

ROUND about midnight we got stuck in a mountain pass, where we had to be dug out of the snow and hauled to firmer ground by oxen.

At 7 a.m., approaching the town Niksic, the car in front of me suddenly stopped and everybody jumped out and took cover, having seen planes circling over our cars.

I did the same, and one of my bodyguards ran with his machine-gun. He shouted under the trees, "Let's have a little bit of sport," and, dropping the gun, took a branch, took a few shots but with little effect. We

could see clearly the Italian insignia on the planes.

High Command advised me to go to Niksic, where there was a fleet of bombers waiting to take me and the Government to Athens.

They also added that, upon evacuating as many people as possible by air, they would officially announce the capitulation of the army. The finality of the news was a great shock.

I took the decision to evacuate very hard, but realised it was wiser to escape captivity. My plan was to organise the most effective resistance possible from outside the country.

I asked the Patriarch whether I should leave my country. He advised me to go, but said that it was his intention to remain for as long as he believed that as a spiritual leader the enemy would not touch him.

His plan was to continue as head of the Yugoslav Orthodox Church, cherishing the spiritual life of the people, and so he did up to the day when he was arrested and taken to Dachau concentration camp.

★

King Peter flew in a bomber to a Greek aerodrome at Laramita, escorted on the last stage by two British Hurricanes.

An armoured car drew up beside us and a voice instructed us in English, Italian and German to "Come out with your hands up."

We filed out with our hands up, but they identified us in a very short time and we received a most happy welcome.

We went on to Athens, escorted by a Blenheim.

My uncle, King George II, welcomed me. The only news I could give him was of the most depressing kind.

My uncle informed me that quite a number of our troops had succeeded in crossing the Greek border, but that they were all from different units and very disorganised.

Since the Germans were attacking violently and driving southwards at great speed, it seemed impossible to reorganise these Yugoslav troops in time for them to be of any use as a fighting force.

The administrative situation in Greece was practically as chaotic as that in Belgrade. Intrigue was rife. The Prime Minister had been killed by poisoned tooth-paste.

There were air raids night and day. A favourite target was Piraeus, where British troopships were trying to evacuate men and material towards Crete.

One night there was a frightful explosion as though the whole city had been blown up; an ammunition ship had received direct hit.

★

The King and his party were flown by the R.A.F. to Egypt and then to Lydda, Palestine.

I WAS taken to the residence of Mr. MacMichael, Governor of Palestine. The Government trickled into Jerusalem in ones and twos, and I attempted to establish a new Court and Government. My great idea was to get away from the sort of concentration camp in which we now found ourselves.

I was in Jerusalem, while the Government was in a monastery at Tantura, well out of the city. The Government, finding itself idle, did little but dwell on the recent events, planning each other in turn for what had happened.

I saw the new Ambassador, Sir William Horne, who had formerly been Minister in Rumania. He was a charming old gentleman, but not very efficient or helpful. I constantly pressed him for permission to go on to England to pursue our policy from there and tried to arrange for equipment for our aircrews. Idle in Egypt, but his only answer was to say: "We must wait for instructions from the Foreign Office."

A telegram was received in Jerusalem from Moscow to the effect that our Minister there had been ordered to leave the country as a consequence of the German attack on Yugoslavia, a very strange occurrence, especially after they had signed a pact of friendship and mutual assistance a short time before.

This treacherous move had its effect on my future attitude to Russia.

It was decided that most of our Air Force, numbering some 700 men, of whom 300 were trained pilots, should be transferred to Amman, in Trans-Jordan. I visited them, and found their morale rather low. They had all left their families behind and had now only one desire—to get into battle once more.

The R.A.F. had connected their planes in Egypt.

My plan was to send these crews to Canada, where they could be trained for long-range bombers, in which they could eventually fly over Yugoslavia dropping parachutists.

★

Two months later King Peter flew to England, alighting at Poole Harbour, near Bournemouth.

As our Sunderland flying-boat anchored in the bay, Uncle George (the Duke of Kent) and Commander Thompson, Mr. Churchill's A.D.C., came out to meet us. Afterwards I flew with George to an airfield near my mother's cottage at the village of Gransden, near Cambridge.

My mother met me. She had been very ill. We chatted until 3 a.m.

I next went to London to see Minister Sabotich at his residence.

I was shocked and saddened by the destruction wrought by the blitz, but at the same time heartened by the wonderful morale of the people.

I spoke to my own people for the first time over the B.B.C. and encouraged them not to lose heart over temporary defeat, but to keep up a sturdy resistance.

I paid my first visit to King George VI. at Buckingham Palace, where I went for tea with my mother. Queen Elizabeth received us cordially. Like any English hostess, she poured out the best tea, then milk, and we were all allowed only one lump of rationed sugar.

Uncle Bertie treated me very kindly as we discussed past events and future plans. It gave me great comfort to see his understanding and courage; he was obviously deeply worried by the current events. He inquired about my last days in Yugoslavia and I gave him all details.

★

MY hosts were also kind enough to discuss my future plans with me.

Like my mother, they were against my ambition to train as a pilot in the R.A.F. during the time I had free from my duties as a constitutional monarch, with the eventual aim of joining up with the Yugoslav Air Force.

They all favoured what was in my view very much the second best idea, that I should sample English university life at Cambridge for a few terms to study international law and economics.

My first meeting with Winston Churchill was on his visit to my Government's offices in Upper Grosvenor Street. I was thrilled to meet this remarkable leader.

His personal charm engulfed me from our first introduction. His attitude to me was kindly and yet respectful. We talked for about half an hour on this occasion.

Churchill puffed away at one of his cigars. He handsomely praised my country's efforts, and regretted that Britain was not in a position to give us more aid.

He said that the British people were proud to have us as allies. A few days later he invited me to accompany him and Mrs. Churchill on a tour of the South Coast defences—the "Cinque Ports," Dover, Folkestone, etc.

We travelled together on July 4, lunching on the train. Churchill was busied with dispatches and various documents throughout much of the journey and talked to me intermittently, dancing up on one occasion to ask unexpectedly and weightily, "Are you bored, my boy?"

★

I COULD not help being infuriated by the continued inactivity of British military authorities as regards training and equipping our Air Force personnel, who were still idle in Trans-Jordan.

My proposition that men should be shipped to Canada and South Africa for training was flatly turned down on the grounds of insufficient shipping space and need of these men in the Middle East.

Eventually a plan was adopted to use our best pilots to ferry planes from Takouda, on the West Coast of Africa, for delivery in Cairo.

I approved this in that it would keep the men active and in training, and would accustom them to handling a variety of planes, but it still seemed to me to be a sorry waste of the capabilities of the men in the Middle East, who were to be formed into a training infantry battalion which it was intended to be expanded by recruits among the Italian prisoners of war who were of Slavonic origin and of

whom there was a considerable number.

I spent a week-end with Uncle Bertie and Aunt Elizabeth at Windsor Castle. I arrived there on August 2 in time to have lunch "en famille."

The weather was very fine and afterwards I walked in the park talking with Uncle Bertie on political lines. That night I had dinner with the family and we retired early to bed. My room was very comfortable, though with out-of-date plumbing.

Next morning Princess Elizabeth took me on a tour of that historic castle with its huge ramparts and interminable corridors. Then I strolled round with Elizabeth and Margaret and their two corgies. I had never met the two princesses before and found them charming young girls.

Altogether it was a delightful week-end and it stands out as one of my pleasantest memories. The atmosphere was a very friendly one, although my hosts were sensitive to my position as an exile and for my part I was a little awed at being in the presence of such an illustrious monarch as King George VI, that my broadest was my godfather, and "Uncle Bertie."

★

ON September 6, my 18th birthday, King George and the British Government arranged a magnificent thanksgiving ceremony in St Paul's Cathedral to mark my official coming-of-age.

News began to seep through about the activities of certain resistance forces. The name Mihailovitch cropped up more and more often. Another source of information was the German radio which had begun to mention the activities of "bandits" in Yugoslavia. I was heartened about my last days in Yugoslavia and I gave him all details.

Colonel Draja Mihailovitch was chief-of-staff of the Motorised Units of the 4th Army in Bosnia. He had a military record to be proud of; he had taken part in the famous retreat of the Serbian Army across Albania in 1918, and held the second world war, having proposed much needed army reforms, was sentenced to 30 days in prison by General Milan Neditch.

In April 1941, Mihailovitch decided, with several hundreds of officers and men, to make for eastern Bosnia and Serbia in the hope of joining up with the remnants of the front there.

On their way they came up against a strong German unit and, after combat, being unable to proceed further, withdrew to the mountains.

★

MIHAILOVITCH created the first Resistance Movement not only of Yugoslavia, but all Europe in World War II.

The first combats of his Chetniks with the enemy and the first acts of violence in reciprocation, took place towards the end of May. After a guerrilla attack on a German motorised column, the Nazis handed several members of Mihailovitch's organisation publicly, in Ounjitchka Polje.

From June onward Pavlovitch's men, the Ustachi in power in Croatia, began their huge massacres of the Serbian population there. The Serbs, flying from them, joined up with the Chetniks, after bringing arms with them. Mihailovitch sent out officers to organise resistance against the massacres.

The earliest contacts between Mihailovitch and the Allies were made in the first days of September 1941, by radio. The first British mission went by submarine.

Captain Hudson, two Yugoslav officers, and a radio operator made up the small landing party. They made their way to where the Chetniks were centred. This party had their own radio; and kept in constant contact with the British.

★

IN October Mihailovitch radioed a hopeful message to the British: "Polje is prepared for plane landings," but the British, still distrustful of makeshift runways and the like, ignored it. The Chetniks were short of arms, ammunition, and medical supplies. All they received were a few packages dropped by parachute.

Then, then a name hardly known to the world, and General Mihailovitch had two meetings in the autumn of 1941 on September 19 and 20, near Ravna Gora, in agreement for collaboration with the British.

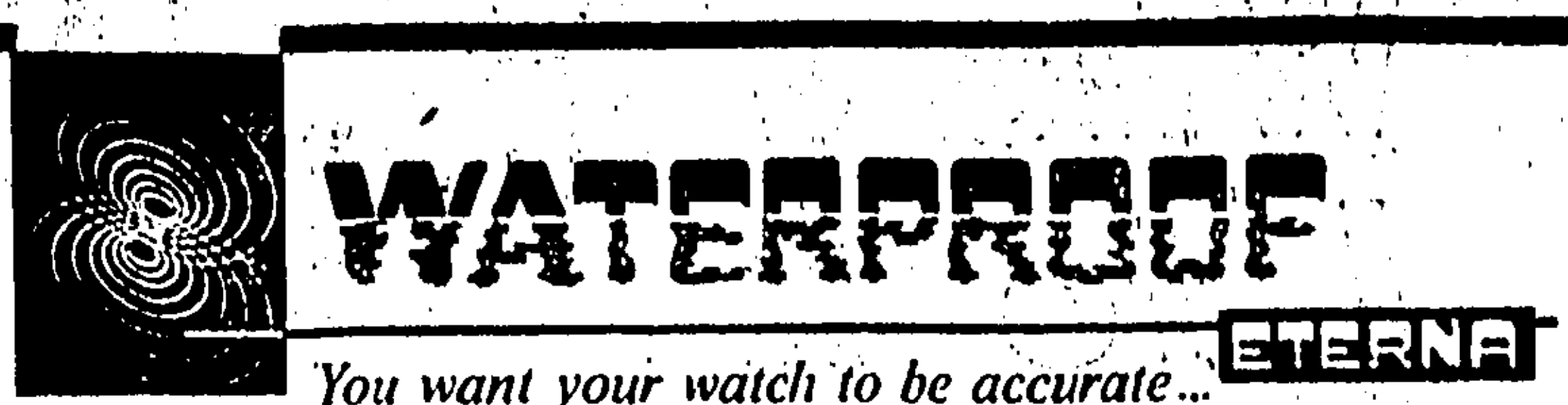
Such matters as the supply of boots and the medical treatment of the wounded, and the supply of food, were discussed. Mihailovitch was very anxious to see the British in the field.

★

On October 20, 1941, the British, still distrustful of makeshift runways and the like, ignored it. The Chetniks were short of arms, ammunition, and medical supplies. All they received were a few packages dropped by parachute.

★

On October 20, 1941, the British, still distrustful of makeshift runways and the like, ignored it. The Chetniks were short of arms, ammunition, and medical supplies. All they received were a few packages dropped by parachute.



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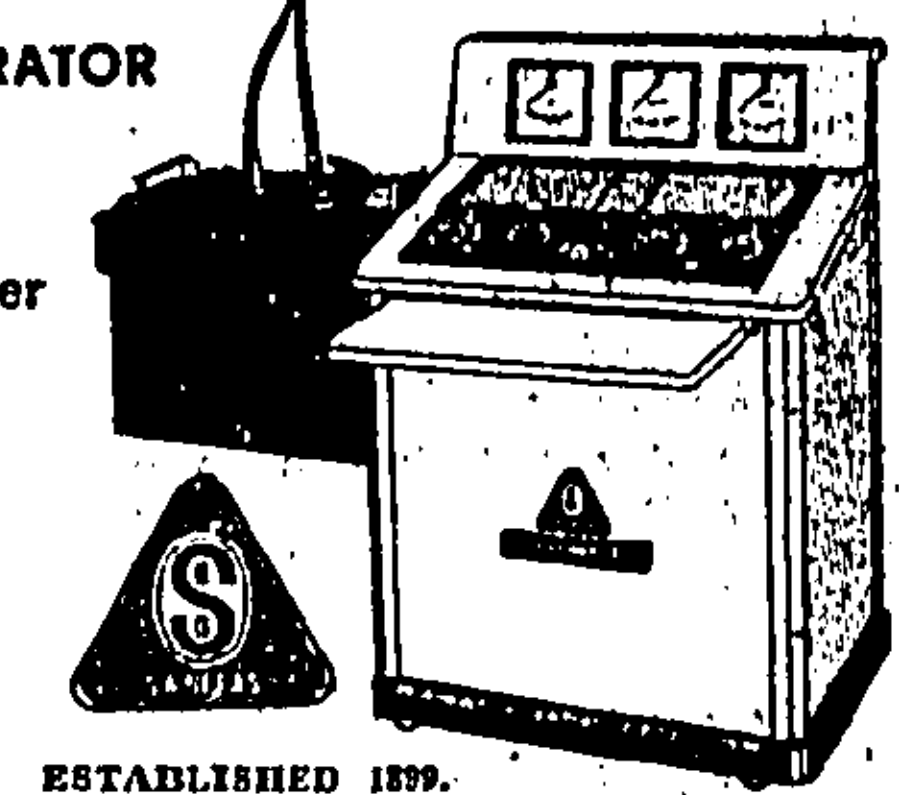
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Where I took my betting diploma

I AM THE RINGER—the confession of the man who owned Francasal—by **MAURICE WILLIAMS**

HOW DOES a man graduate from small-time betting to the Big Time, when he bets in hundreds without a tremor? One way is in the tough school of greyhound racing. Here, Maurice Williams, the actual Ringer in the biggest racehorse swindle of the century, describes his "education." We are telling his story because it is more than the story of one man. It is the story of the modern Edgar Wallace world, the quick-money world.

THE man in breeches and gaiters led the dog up and down the auction rooms in St Martin's Lane.

It looked like any other greyhound which was being sold at Aldridge's auction rooms, which is the Tattersall's of the greyhound world.

The farmers in their tweeds, the West End greyhound fanciers in their Savile Row checks and bowler hats, the dog-track commandos with their pointed shoes, did not notice the excited young man in the belted fawn coat who nodded to the auctioneer.

The greyhound was knocked down to him for 50 shillings.

I can still see the crowd of upper class greyhound lovers, farmers and plain pre-war spivies. I can still remember the excitement I felt as I led the dog out into St Martin's Lane.

Trial run

BECAUSE I was the boy in the fawn coat. A man with the gambling fever remembers the day he bought his first greyhound as another man remembers when he fell in love.

I walked the dog home to Kentish Town and let him sleep in the kitchen. Next day I took him to a nearby greyhound track for a trial run. When the hare started to move along the track the other dogs streaked after it.

My greyhound—I called him Tommy Boy—just looked at it with disinterest. Again and again I tried him, but he just would not chase the hare.

Some of the more knowledgeable characters around the track said: "He'll be all right with a bit of schooling."

I paid 15s. a week, which was a lot of money for a youth of my age, to have him trained. After three weeks he was still looking at the hare without curiosity.

It was then that I realised there was more to greyhound racing than I thought. I gave up any grand ideas of being a racing dog owner for the time being.

Studying form

GREYHOUND racing was just becoming popular in those days over 20 years ago. The track owners were anxious to attract people so they were lavish with their free tickets. One of their most persistent free ticket customers was myself.

Those early days on the greyhound tracks were comparable in my life to a university education. In my education as a professional gambler I took my diploma at these institutions which enable men with not too much money but an overpowering urge to gamble to play their fancies.

I dodged among the crowds, heard a whisper here, caught a nod there. I studied all the form books, I noted every piece of information. I began to size up the dogs with ever-increasing acumen. And soon I was able to spot a good thing and put money on it.

It very often came up. This sounds easy when you read about it, but it demands day-long, year-long application of the sort that normally only professors give to research work.

Flapping track

THE greyhounds are in some ways the social Cinderella of racing. But the bottom of this sporting ladder is the "flapping track."

A flapping track is a small, unlicensed track in the field, often outside London.

There they set up a motor-car engine with a wire to wind the hare across the field.

There are not so many of them nowadays, but in the early thirties there were large numbers of fields where you could run a greyhound.

They were very useful to the professional gambler. Dogs could be tried out where no one could report on their performance and spoil the betting. And men with little money could own and race dogs on these tracks.

I made quite a lot of money at the flapping tracks.

Boring jobs

THE good things did not always come off and sometimes I had to go to work to eat. In periods when the dogs were not running for me I worked as a house painter. But I always regarded the job as a boring interlude between bets.

Most people work on until they are too old to enjoy themselves. They look forward to a pension at 65. I decided I was going to give up work much earlier than that. I did—at 25.

I was able to devote my time to my only interest in life—planning betting coups.

I also acquired another name. A lot of people around the greyhound stadiums will still remember me, I expect, by the name of Micky Lynch.

I got the name by accident. I hurried to enter a dog I had just bought in a race in which I had planned a small coup. Then I discovered a snag. The registration of ownership had not been altered in time. The former owner, a Mr Lynch, was safely in Ireland.

Who was to know? If I did not do something quickly the dog would not run in the race. So I said I was Mr Lynch.

The dog won and the name stuck. The name Lynch seemed

lucky to me. Like all betting men who live by luck—and a little manipulation—I am superstitious in these matters. So I kept the name.

It was shortly after this that I went into greyhound ownership as a business.

In the first year I did very well. My bank account—which I kept in fivers in my pocket—showed a nice balance at the end of the year.

I became owner of a fast greyhound called Land Annulities. When I bought him he was a reddish fawn puppy. But he was a good one. I knew his pedigree. He was by Mussolini out of Concerto II, which was to prove a winning breed.

I had come a long way in the few years since I bought my first dog. Land Annulities was a sportsman's dream. I smiled with satisfaction when I tried him out.

I took him to a flapping track. I changed his name, of course. I was not giving any clues away to razor-eyed, rapacious bystanders.

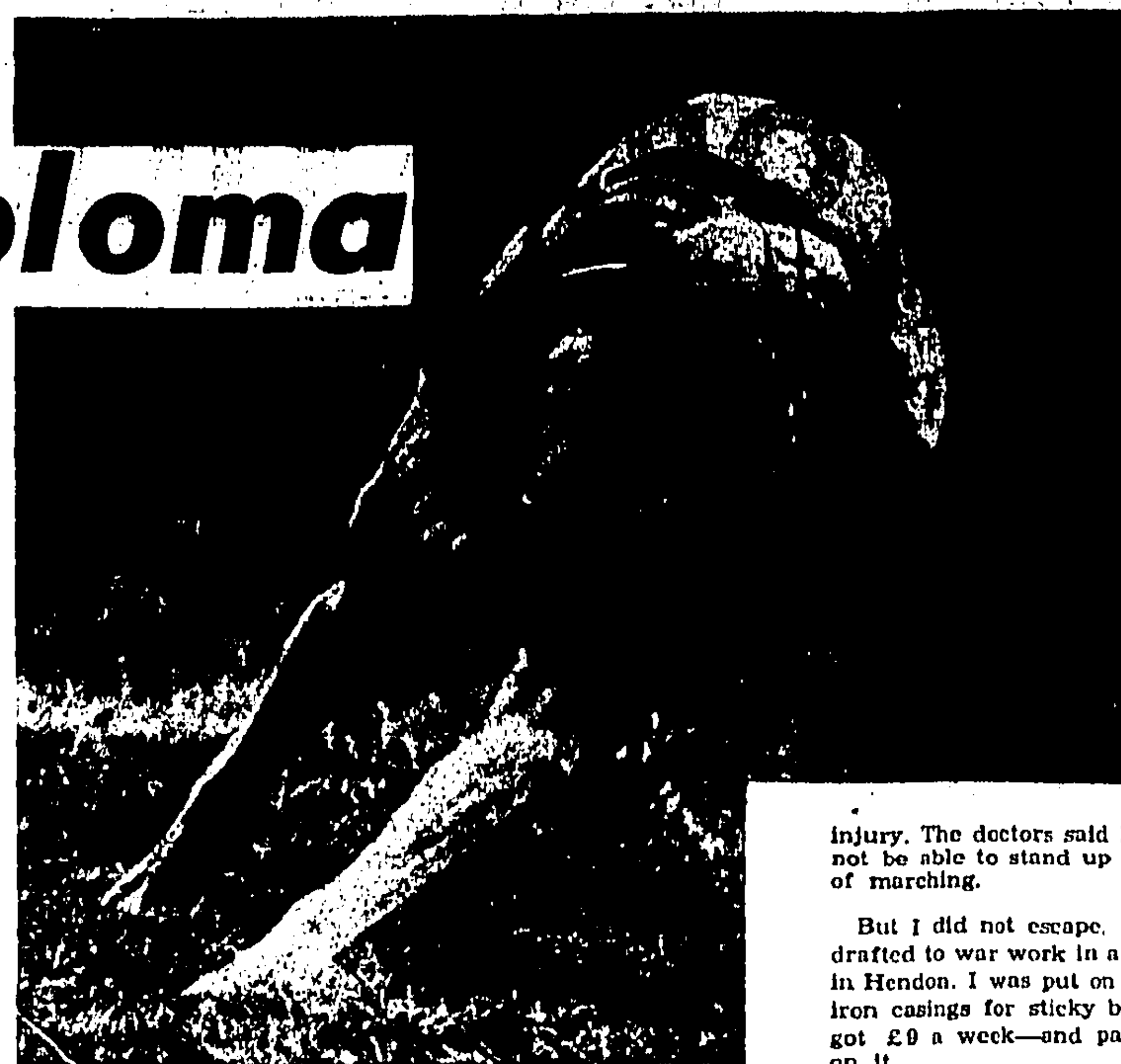
A dog called Sporty won the race. Sporty was the name I gave to Land Annulities for the afternoon. Shortly afterwards he made his first appearance under his own name but under the ownership of Micky Lynch at West Ham. He was beaten by Handy Gift, but he qualified for the final heat of the West Ham Cesarewitch. He finished second to that great dog Lutwyche.

In his third race on a proper licensed track Land Annulities won. He went on winning and I raked in £800 in prize money alone within 12 months.

When the dog was fit—and I had a trainer who was an expert at bringing the dog up to pitch at just the right time—I would carry £100 of my money. And he nearly always showed me a handsome profit.

Against rules

IT was the experience of racing dogs under false names in the fields near London that first gave me the idea of being a funder. What I did with Land Annulities was, of course, against every rule of honest racing. It is against one of the strictest rules of greyhound racing to take a dog from a "flapper" to a licensed track.



The dogs and Micky Lynch... 'I expect they still remember me' (for 'Micky Lynch' was Maurice Williams.)

I would have been warned off if I had been discovered. But when you are a professional backer you have to take these sort of chances occasionally. It was done by other people all the time.

Those were the free and easy days of greyhound racing when it was easy to fiddle yourself a bit of poppy. The rules were lax and there were many loopholes in them. The chances of your dog being recognised in an obscure field outside London were exceedingly small.

These days it is almost impossible to fiddle with a dog like that. There are too many safeguards to stop people like me. Markings are recorded down to the last detail.

But those were great days. I can still remember the night under the smoky lamps of Harringay when Granpinner Range, a dog I owned, beat Border Mutton, the champion. Border Mutton was odds on favourite. But my dog came home at 33 to 1. It was one of the most memorable evenings in my life.

But I have never had phenomenal good fortune on the tracks unless I have nudged my luck a little. I shall always think enviously of a school friend of mine who walked into Harringay one night with us. In his pocket. With this he pro-

ceeded to do the "holy of holies," which to a betting man means going right through the curd.

He turned that six shillings into £40. Within ten days he had turned that into £1,000. Then he set up as a professional tipster and I don't blame him.

I have never had a sensational success like that. But before the war I was doing extremely well. I was going to greyhound meetings every night, mostly with £500 in notes in my pocket. I was regularly making a middle class income of between £25 and £40 a week.

And, of course, every penny of it was mine. Income tax? Never heard of it.

Factory hand

THE early days of the war hit the wide boys with their long overcoats and pointed shoes worse than most people.

My livelihood folded up overnight. The sport shutdown was on. For a time there were only greyhounds on Saturday afternoon and horse racing was confined to Newmarket.

I was called up for an Army medical. I was rejected because of knee trouble which was a hangover from an old football

injury. The doctors said I would not be able to stand up to a lot of marching.

But I did not escape. I was drafted to war work in a factory in Hendon. I was put on making iron casings for sticky bombs. I got £9 a week—and paid tax on it.

I freely admit that, war or no war, the whole situation was very painful to me. Work alone—without income tax thrown in—was enough to give me spots before the eyes.

So I cannot say I was very sad when I turned up one morning to find the factory had vanished. Nazi bombers had reduced it to rubble. The workers were to be transferred to other plants.

'Disappearance'

I HAD been using my wits for too long to fall for this, however. I realised that my insurance cards and records would have been lost in the bombing.

So I decided it was time I took a powder. I would disappear back into the free air of the gambling world.

I still had £1,000 tucked away from my old greyhound gains. So back to the tracks with it I went. I was extremely happy for the chance to get away from that badly paid job where they took the tax out of your pocket before they handed it to you.

I might as well have been married as stuck with a job like that. And as everyone knows a true gambling man will never marry until the last racecourse closes.

**NEXT WEEK
I BECOME THE RINGER**

NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES

First of a new Saturday series about some of Nature's queer animals

THE KICKERS

By **IVAN T. SANDERSON**

THE strange little animal was warm and very furry, and it kicked out hysterically with all four feet. The keeper gripped it firmly round the middle. Then he let out a piercing shriek, dropped the animal and gripped his right wrist, his face contorted with pain. The animal scuttled over the grass and alighted back into the pond.

This unexpected event took place many years ago in Australia, in a strange institution known as a platypussary. At that time it created a lot more public interest than you might suppose, for the keeper had not been just bitten or scratched, but actually poisoned—and by a mammal.

The significance of this was immediately appreciated by all naturalists, scientists, and almost everybody else who had ever had anything to do with live animals. The point was that while every-

one over its dry, grey hide. Its trunk is curved but rigid, since the jawbones extend right down to its tip where both the mouth and nostrils are situated. This animal—which has no common English name but may be called the Proechidna—walks upright, but on the inner front sides of its feet.

All three animals dig—the Platypus making long tunnels from under the water into the banks of rivers, the Echidna in almost any kind of soil, and the Proechidna, for the most part, in very dry, stony soil. All three lay eggs which are leathery, like those of reptiles, and which are carried in a sort of primitive pouch under the belly of the mother to which they are stuck by a quick-drying, gooey substance that glues them together and to the fur and spines. However, when the eggs hatch the babies are fed on milk that oozes from the mother's pouch. These animals also have something else in common that is unique among mammals.

On the inside of the back legs, about the ankle joint, there are sharp spurs not unlike those of a fighting cock. These on the males are much larger



The duck-billed Platypus. An awkward appearing animal, it can move with lightning speed when alarmed. (Photo courtesy of The American Museum of Natural History.)

body knows that many reptiles and some fish can give you a poison punch, most people have never heard of a furred animal that can defend itself by injecting poison under its adversary's skin with a kind of super-hypodermic.

However, in the south and southeastern parts of Australia, and in the island of Tasmania, live certain extremely ancient and primitive mammals known as duck-billed platypuses. So extraordinary are these animals that the first stuffed specimens taken back to Europe were thought by scientists to be fakes, like the little mermaids that used to be made by sailors who sewed the top half of a small monkey to the back half of a salmon or other fish. Then, throughout Tasmania, Australia, and the great island of New Guinea, there exists a second oddity. It is a little, burrowing creature covered with quills, known as the Echidna, or Spiny ant-eater.

Finally, all over New Guinea there is also found what is probably the most amazing animal in the world. Everything about it seems impossible. It looks like a tiny elephant, but has small, sharp spines scatter-

ed over its body. The exact purpose of these weapons is not known, but the spurs are used by the males during rough-and-tumble fights over the females at the beginning of the mating season. Although humping beasts, all of them, and notably the Platypus, can move with lightning speed if alarmed, and can bring their spurs into play from almost any direction and reach almost every part of their bodies. These spurs will pierce and gash your hands while the poison is oozing from their tips.

The pain is sharp and at first numbing, then it seems to break through into the rest of the body of the victim, and may cause wild convulsions with pains in the chest and abdomen. However, the only effects may be little worse than a hornet's sting, and remain entirely local. The wounds, nevertheless, take an inordinately long time to heal, and often become infected.

If you pick up a wild animal you almost expect to be bitten or scratched, but you hardly expect to be the recipient of a poison punch. So beware, for there are even furrer things that can sting.

The Crime Writers Go In For Propaganda

By **Les Armour**

A SKELETON smoking a cigarette, a stuffed dummy Metropolitan Policeman, and a notice from a certain Mr James Berry, one-time public hangman, proclaiming his abilities to present the secrets of his trade "without vulgarity" are tastefully arranged in the Mayfair halls of the National Book League.

With them go a hangman's noose gaily swinging from the ceiling, the telegram dispatched to Scotland Yard by Detective Dew when he arrested Dr Crippen, and a couple of meat choppers which once figured in dire deeds.

Madame Tussaud's might be expected to complain of unfair competition. Madame charges three bob to see her heroes and an extra bob for the horrors, while the National Book League lets you off with a paltry shilling.

But no. The intent of the exhibition is not to horrify, but to raise the prestige of crime writers. As might be expected, this project is the work of the Crime Writers' Association.

And what is wrong with the prestige of crime writers?

Crime, as Mr Boris Karloff pointed out on opening day, is distinctly a paying proposition when it is kept between book covers.

So it is not that crime writers are forgotten cast-offs in society.

The trouble, one gathers, is that the public, while it continues to buy more thrillers than any other kind of literature, refuses to take its crime reading seriously.

What is wrong?

Critics do not refer to "the masterful moving prose" of Miss Agatha Christie or the "powerful dramatic style" of Mr Edmund Crippen.

Instead, if they consider the matter at all, they are apt to toss it off as "another cracking good whodunit."

But just what is wrong seems to be a matter of dispute. Part of the purpose of the exhibition, featuring hundreds of books as well as the horrors, is to show the wide range of the field—from tingling tales for tiny tots to rambling philo-

sophical accounts with an occasional hurried reference to the "Ultimate Good."

The exhibit of Messrs Macmillan, featuring two scholarly textbooks called "Social Problems" and "Juvenile Delinquency," may, perhaps, be stretching the point a little far. But the point is no doubt there.

The difficulty, some members feel, is that the reading public equates crime writing with the "Put 'em up, hang you're dead, and pour me a drink" school.

Accordingly, the current issue of The Crime Writer—distributed to all visitors—contains a dissertation against "hopping."

Gone Sceptical?

Others feel that the public has grown sceptical of the queer goings-on chronicled in crime novels.

That is being rectified by a question-and-answer service with ex-Superintendent Cherrill of The Yard handing out answers.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By **Frank Robbins**

...this situation calls for a **San Miguel**



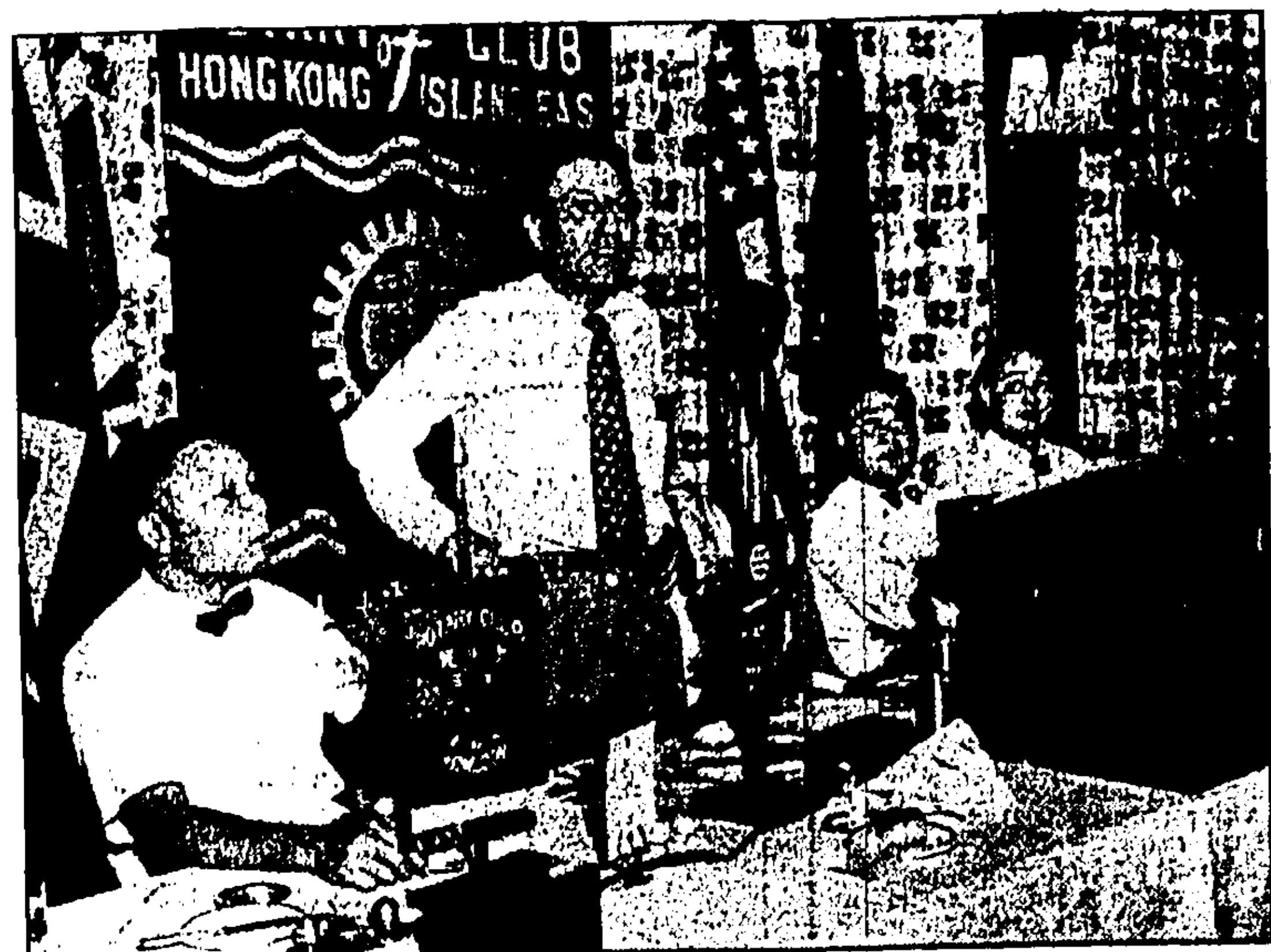
AT the Tung Wah Hospital charity ball held at the Skyroom last week. From left: The Hon. R. B. Black, Mrs R. R. Todd, His Excellency the Governor, Mr Seaward Woo, Chairman of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, Lady Grantham, the Hon. R. R. Todd, Mrs R. B. Black and the Hon. T. N. Chau. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken after the christening at the Rosary Church last Sunday of Potiwa Ann, daughter of Mr and Mrs T. Durkin. (Staff Photographer)



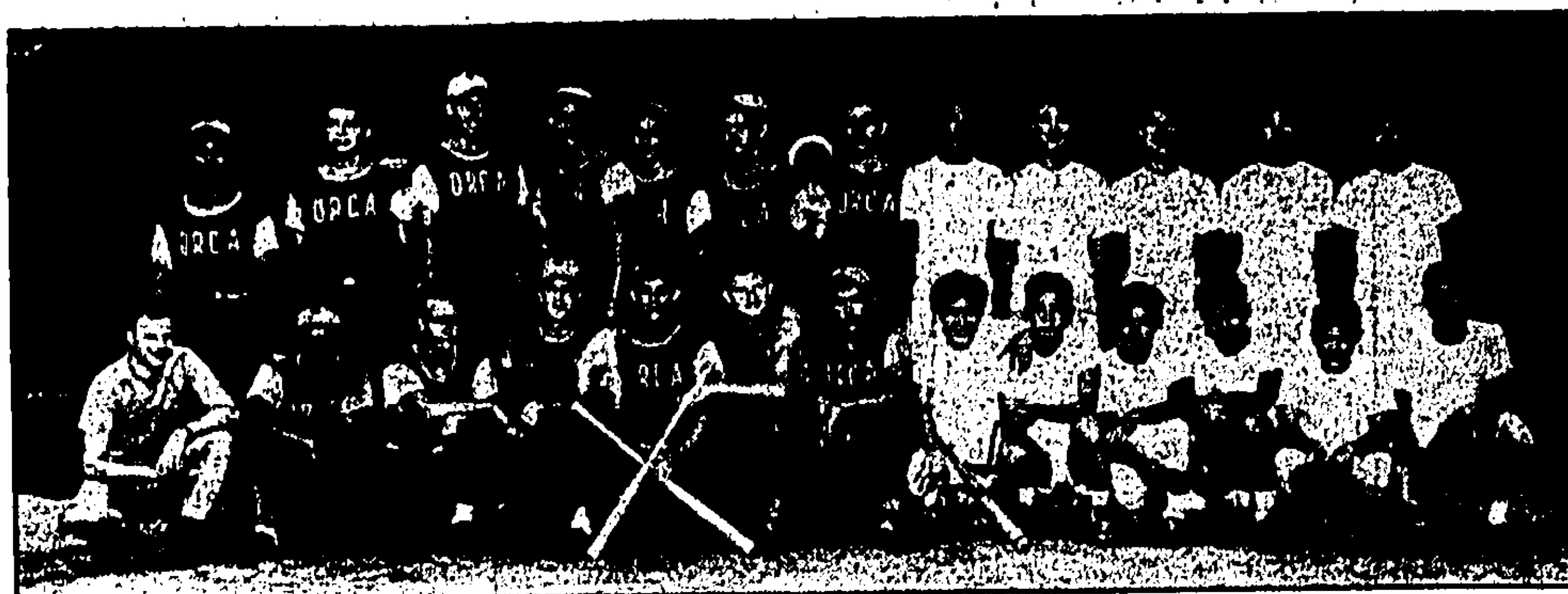
NURSES of the St John Ambulance Brigade leaving St John's Cathedral after the special service last Sunday in observance of St John's Day. (Staff Photographer)



MR Edward Hunter, author of the best-selling book, "Brainwashing in Red China," addressing members of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East on Wednesday. Mr Hunter is revisiting Hongkong in the course of a round-world lecture trip. (Staff Photographer)



PHOTOGRAPHED on his arrival at Kai Tak last week is Lt-Gen. de Lenglade, Deputy Commander of the French Union Forces in Indo-China. On right is Brigadier R. H. Bellamy, Chief of Staff to the Commander, British Forces, and on the left is the French Consul, Viscount Jacques de Soreac de Buzon. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: USS Orca and Chinese Athletic Association softballers whose tussle on Tuesday in the summer league ended in a draw. (Staff Photographer)



MR V. A. Sequeira and his bride, formerly Miss Vilma Rita da Silva. Their wedding took place on Monday at the Rosary Church. (Staff Photographer)

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SCENE at the Catholic Cathedral on Sunday last when worshippers gathered to observe the Feast of Corpus Christi. (Staff Photographer)

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DANNY KAYE, singer-comedian, snapped at Kai Tak on his arrival on Wednesday. He is on a world tour on behalf of UNICEF. Right: Danny entertained to a Chinese dinner the same evening. Seen with him are the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow and Mrs. H. Odell. (Staff Photographer)



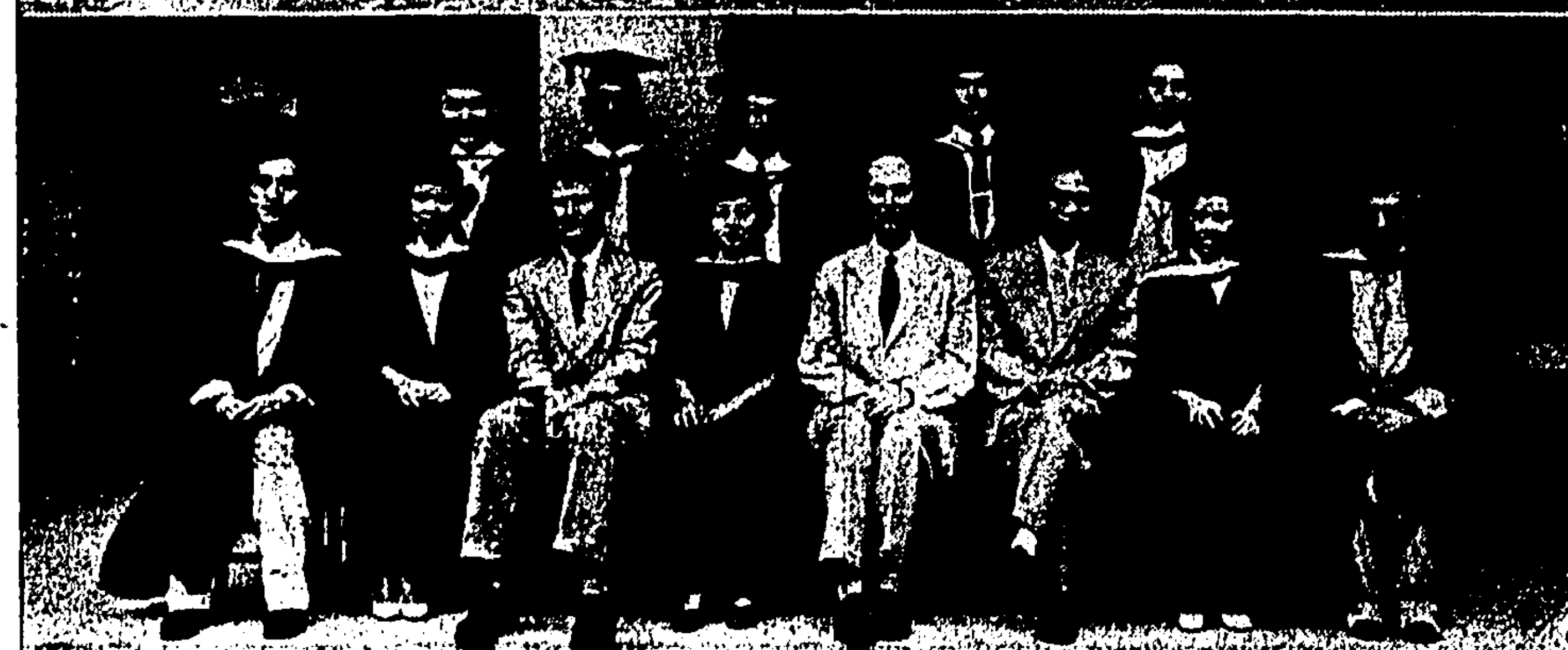
MR Enrico Rosario, Chairman of the St Luiz College Old Boys' Association, speaking at the annual dinner held at the Club Lusitano on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS R. B. Black, wife of the Colonial Secretary, who opened the new nurses' quarters of the Rutledge Sanatorium on Wednesday, chatting with Mrs J. H. Ruttonjee after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)

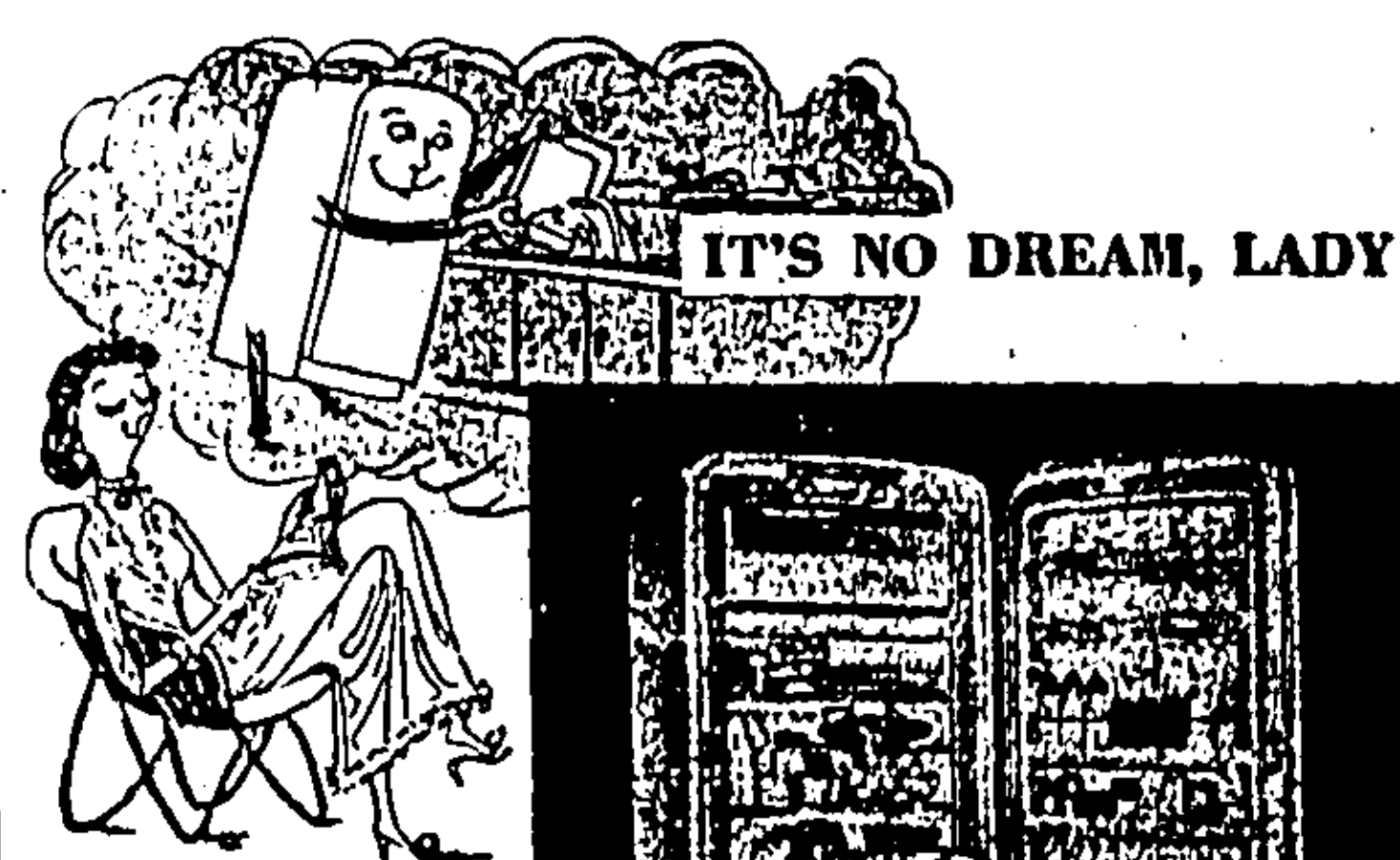


RIGHT: "Miss Thailand," Amara Asavananda, photographed with her father, brothers and Captain Joseph D. Cox of the liner President Wilson before she sailed on Monday to take part in the "Miss Universe" pageant at Long Beach, California. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT top: 1954 Medical graduates of the Hongkong University who received their degrees this week. Left bottom: Science graduates. (Staff Photographer) Below: On the top are the Arts graduates, and below are the Engineering graduates. (Ming Yuen)

LEFT: Mr Jack Sloan, engineer of the ss Eastern, presenting sports equipment donated by Salvation Army friends in Sydney to the Salvation Army Children's Home at King's Park. (Mayfair)



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THE WEST CANNOT IGNORE THE PROBLEMS OF ASIA

By Sir Beverley Baxter

London. IT was in 1937 that Pandit Nehru, on a visit to England, came to the House of Commons to address a private meeting of Conservative M.P.s. It was not in any spirit of friendliness that we had invited him but merely to have a look at Gandhi's partner.

There was nothing mystic about Nehru on the surface. He had fine, handsome features. His eyes were sombre to the point of sadness, and never once did he smile. He spoke English not only well but with something akin to perfection. He had, of course, been educated as a boy at Harrow (that famous rival to Eton) where Winston Churchill had gone many years before.

Calmly he told us that India should be ruled entirely by the Indians and not by the British. He did not refer to the times he had been imprisoned as a revolutionary nor the personal tragedy that had accompanied it. The British had occupied India and held it down by force. The British had exploited India without developing it. The British had proclaimed the divine right of governing without the consent of the governed. That was his case.

The Aristocrat

HE spoke coldly and we listened coldly. When he had finished he said that he would subject himself to questions. Up rose one of our chaps and with a voice that was quiet but tinged with anger, said: "We have listened with interest to Mr. Nehru's case. May I ask him if he can think of one thing the British have ever done which might conceivably have been of benefit to his country?"

With the patience of a father answering a child Mr. Nehru answered: "Britain has never lacked voices to glorify her. It just happens that my business is to put the case against Britain."

In my time I have encountered many men of destiny, but Nehru was something different. We could see that physically and mentally he was an aristocrat who could have little appeal to the sweating mobs of Bombay. He possessed none of the fire, the showmanship, the humour, the passion or the mysticism of Gandhi. One could not imagine Nehru even looking at a goat, much less making a companion of it.

Question followed question as the Tories found their tongues. Did Mr. Nehru not agree that India, instead of being a nation, was a sub-continent of antagonistic tribes and religions? Had not Britain brought justice to her courts and protection to her minorities? Was it not a fact that Britain had protected India from civil war and invasion?

He Sums Up

NEHRU listened like a rather tired dormitory master when the boys are being noisy and given foolish. Of course Britain had ruled India well. But India was tired of being ruled. History had passed that point. That was his case.

"When we achieve our freedom and India becomes a self-governing nation, we shall certainly make mistakes. May I say that every nation is entitled to make its own mistakes?" Thus, the old Harrovian summed up the case for India's freedom.

While we were talking in that room overlooking the Thames, there was an American named Hitler who was howling like a maniac at the moon. The great upheaval of the Second World War was not very far off.

It was left to Mr. Atlee, as the Socialist Prime Minister after Hitler's war, to lead India to her freedom. That gallant figure of battle, Admiral Mountbatten, who had defended India by the Burma campaign, was chosen as the instrument of destiny. Atlee sent him as Viceroy to India with the purpose of finding a way of giving

India her freedom while guaranteeing as much as possible the security of Pakistan and the minorities.

It was a thankless task, and Mountbatten was assailed by many voices in Britain for undertaking it. After much travail the plan took shape. India was to be a Republic within the Commonwealth, and Pakistan was to be a self-governing Dominion also within the Commonwealth.

Loosened Rock

THERE was trouble, there was tragedy, there was terrible bloodshed. In defence Nehru would probably have quoted Oscar Wilde's words: "At the birth of a child or a star there is pain." But the Americans were happy. They had incessantly urged upon the British the necessity of freeing India if a true Anglo-American bond of comradeship was to come into being. On my lecture tours across America in 1946 and 1947 the one question that was fired at me everywhere was: "Why don't you get out of India?" I might have answered: "Why don't you give full freedom to the Negroes in the South?" But that would have been tendentious. The duties of a guest are more rigid than those of a host.

When a rock is loosened on a mountainside, it may mean little or it may mean an avalanche. Burma followed India. The British 14th Army had fought with tremendous heroism to save it from the Japs, but Mr. Atlee gave it away in a single speech. I do not criticise the Socialist leader. Events of such magnitude cannot be judged at the moment. Only the unforgiving years can tell in retrospect whether such immense events have been wisely or badly handled.

World Force

CERTAINLY Britain was too weakened by war to hold her Empire by the sword. It may well be that the dismissal of Churchill by the British electorate in 1945 was a signal that Imperial Britain had lost faith in British Imperialism. Also we had plenty of troubles brewing in Africa.

Yet one did not need to be a necromancer to see that a new and enormous world force was taking form. Asia was in the throes of becoming a political as well as a geographical entity.

Russia, like a two-faced giant, facing both East and West, saw the vast possibilities of this vast uprising. So did China, which had endured the conquering imperialism of

Japan and had embraced the philosophy and the cruelty of Communism. "Free China" her leaders called their country as they did away with such poorly nourished flowers of freedom as had already flourished there.

That very big little American President, Truman, saw the red light of danger. Some of my readers may remember that when I saw Mr. Truman at the White House not very long after the Hitler war was ended, he pointed to the globe on a swivel which General Eisenhower had given him and said: "There—in Asia—is where our trouble is coming from."

His instant decision to fight in Korea was not a hasty decision. He had been pondering the Far Eastern situation for weeks and months.

Asia—what is it? Asiatics are normally dull things, but sometimes they can be very dramatic. Roughly speaking, every second person in the world today is an Asiatic. James Cameron, a British journalist who has made a deep study of the subject, reminds us that the Asiatic population is approximately 1,500 million and that it is increasing by 50,000 a day! With a nice touch of the picturesque he adds: "Two thousand new mouths to feed and ambitious to be fulfilled for every hour on the clock."

Ominous

YES—facts can be not only exciting but ominous. The influence of Asia stretches out to the frontier of Europe, to the Arctic and points at Australia and New Zealand. Here is a giant with many eyes and long, lean fingers.

The student of history may intervene at this point and ask why we should assume that the mere texture of the skin should bind various tribes and nations into a menacing unity. What about the white races? Gaul and Teuton have fought through the ages, and even America only achieved nationhood at the point of the sword from Imperialist Britain.

But there is a difference. The white nations of the world had the composite continent of Europe, rich in the arts of government and culture, as well as being undisputed leaders of the human community. Their wars were for the glittering prizes of power. Even the French revolution, founded on the sublime cry of "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," speedily resolved itself into an Imperialist war against the other Imperialist powers of Europe.

In Asia there is a community of backwardness, of poverty, of blunted opportunity, of ignorance and, in some territories, of despair. But also in Asia there is a fierce pride such as was shown by Japan until she was compelled to bow her head humbly to the conquering Americans.

Grip Of Fear?

WHEN defeated the Japanese bowed very low, but they remembered with pride when they were the full ally of Great Britain and declared war against the Kaiser's Germany only a few hours after London had done so. They also remember how in the Hitler war they drove the British Army out of Burma and even threatened India with a yellow tide of conquest.

But will not Communist China hold Imperial Japan in a grip of fear? That may be. China is not a conquering nation but an elephant that can kill by merely rolling on its victim.

Strangely enough—and human destiny works in wondrous ways—Japan is an outpost for the forces of the West. Not even the dropping of that terrible bomb at Hiroshima has altered Japan's basic sense of unity with Britain, and now with America. If we admit that it is a policy of self-advantage let us also repeat that Japan was a loyal ally to Britain until the U.S.A. persuaded us to cast her off.

Therefore, we must realise that Asia does not lack experienced leaders. We have the sad-faced Nehru trying to bring the arts of self-government to India and making his voice heard far beyond the boundaries of that sub-continent. In Moscow there is a collection of able men, ruthless in action and limitless in ambition. Is she angry with Europe? Then she becomes slant-eyed and Asian. Is she annoyed with Asia? Then she becomes a blue-eyed European.

Fruitful Soil

RUSSIA has powerful underground allies in Asia such as poverty, disease, ignorance and despair. They make fruitful soil for the germs of Communism. The Russian prides himself on being a European, but at heart he is an Asiatic. That is a truth that the world should never forget.

Are we then to look ahead to a frightful and, perhaps, final war of Asia versus The West? No man can be certain of human destiny but I do not think we need lose sleep over such a prospect. The hydrogen bomb has set a problem to Mars which even that old war god cannot answer.

The mercilessness of science has probably achieved a considerable period of uneasy peace for the world. Even if it is only a truce, we should do everything possible to make the most of a period where the guns are silent or are confined, as in Indo-China, to a limited area.

There are two Asias—the Asia of wealth and the Asia of poverty, the Asia of culture and the Asia of great ignorance, the Asia of enlightened expression and the Asia of dumb despair. We can no more ignore it than we can ignore the sun, the moon and the stars.

At the moment that I am writing these words the dreadful Battle of France against the Communist forces of Indo-China seems to be approaching its last hours. Ladies and gentlemen, lend me your ears. Do you remember when you called for the crucifixion of Chamberlain because England, without the support of Canada or France or the U.S.A., should have declared war when Hitler said that he would invade Czechoslovakia? Have you anti-Chamberlainites lost your tongues? Is your conscience contained within the boundaries of a geography atlas?

I never thought that Chamberlain should have gone to war over Czechoslovakia—for the good reason that neither France, America nor Canada were willing to take a stand. Therefore, I think we were perhaps right in not sending troops to Indo-China.

Looking Ahead

WE must look beyond the present battle into the years ahead. First we must study Asia and realise that she has produced some of the greatest philosophers and poets in all history. There are civilisations in Asia which make those of Europe seem something created yesterday.

We must also realise—and this is my final point—that the poverty and misery cannot be confined to an area but must spread their deadly germs across even the most closely guarded frontiers.

Poverty...without it Communism would die. Poverty...without it there would be no wars. Poverty...without it there would be no phileas because man is a creature that needs God.

I know that in the minds of some diehards there remains a conviction that low wages to the worker make big profits to the management. That philosophy is not nearly as strongly held as in the early days of Victorianism, but it still exists.

Poverty brings profit to no one. On the contrary it breeds despair, revolution and war—the three costliest things ever created by man. Therefore the first concern of the Western world, as it looks out upon the backward territories of Asia and Africa, should be: "We must destroy poverty in order to save ourselves."

There is a wise old boy in the House of Commons named Sir Walter Fletcher. He spent many years in Malaya, and sometimes when Parliament is sitting late we talk at great length.

"Underpaid workers," he said, "are no good to the Capitalist system. The workers are our customers—whether they are black, yellow or white. Unless we pay them enough to buy our manufactured goods we are sunk. What is the taste trouble in Kenya or Uganda, or even Jamaica? We have never taught the blacks the joy of a refrigerator or a motor car. Give them something to work for—and they will work. High wages are the cheapest in the long run."

Much Wisdom

I THINK there is much wisdom in what he says. Communism can only survive and grow in countries where the standard of living is pitifully low. Where does Communism seek expansion of its Kingdom? In America, in Canada, in New Zealand, in Britain? No—it looks to Africa and the backward territories of Asia.

Man was not created by God to have an easy and slothful life. We were not given qualities of courage, patience, and endurance merely to lop the fruit from off the trees. We were not given imagination merely to dream but to chart the seas and build temples and factories and homes where once wild animals roamed. We were not given the power to make and administer the law merely to decide a quarrel over the ownership of a mule.

No longer can we live our lives in isolation. We are part of the human comedy and the human tragedy. There is no longer such a thing as distance. Asia is on our doorsteps just as Europe and Africa are.

Somehow we must control destiny as destiny will destroy us...and the ultimate historian will write: "In those far off days there were civilised nations which failed to realise that frontiers had ceased to exist save for customs purposes."

Destiny is on the march.

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

TURGENEV. By David Magarshack. Faber and Faber. 25s. 328 pages.

THE Russian novelist, Ivan Turgenev, had three passions in life: shooting, women and the liberation of the Russian peasantry.

He found it more agreeable to serve the last of these causes from Paris, or the French and German spas which he frequented like an amiable, hypochondriacal bear with a squeaky voice.

As an aristocratic student, scion of Tatar

princes, Turgenev took an oath, romantically called "Hannibal's oath," to devote all his strength to dragging the Russian serfs from their darkness. A few years later he was engaged on a less high-minded enterprise, trying to buy a pretty serf girl from his wealthy cousin.

From 700 roubles (about 14 times the regular market price) Elizabeth Fetiska changed hands. Her admirer asked what present he could give her. "Soap," she replied. The story, as told by Turgenev, made a profound impression in liberal circles in Paris.

It was by no means Turgenev's first experience of love. At 13, he developed a wild passion for Zinaida, a young mistress of his father's, and witnessed a strange scene between the two. Zinaida, begging his father to give up some other woman, held out her hand, which the elder Turgenev lashed with his riding crop. Zinaida kissed the weal. After that, the younger Turgenev had an obsession with women's hands.

by
GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

haven't yet solved the question of God's existence, and you want to eat!"

When the Russian serfs were liberated, Turgenev prudently remained in the West writing novels about the steppes. He had asked a trusted gamekeeper on the family estates what he would do if the peasants revolted and marched on the Turgenev mansion. The gamekeeper turned white. "Join them," he confessed.

The great and tragic love of Turgenev's life—frequently interrupted by less tragic incidents—occurred when he met Pauline Garcia-Viardot, prima donna and daughter of a Seville gipsy. She had a "savage sweetness and delightful ferocity"; better still, a complacent husband 20 years her senior.

Pauline was in love with Turgenev long enough to bear him a son. After that, the Russian had to be content with the role of second complaisant husband. He played it with melancholy distinction for most of his life. When Pauline found a new lover, Turgenev and M. Viardot went out shooting together.

In the West, he was a drawing-room hero, embodiment of the Slav genius oppressed by the Tsar; in Russia he was suspected, by the Tsar, of being a revolutionary, and by the intellectuals of being an "old coquette" who preferred "European" ways. His leading critic was a rakish quarrelsome young army officer, Leo Tolstoy, who thought Turgenev a poseur, but could not keep away from him.

After a violent, undignified quarrel, Tolstoy demanded a duel—no "fanciful" duels, but the real thing, two rifles each outside a wood. Although presenting the bigger target, Turgenev as a good shot would probably have winged the author of "War and Peace." The duel never took place.

All through life the two men admired and plucked one another. "It is an unpardonable sin that Leo Tolstoy has stopped writing," Turgenev grumbled. "He lives in luxury and idleness," said Tolstoy of Turgenev.

Turgenev could only write when he was in love. He was in love often enough to write seven or eight novels, countless stories and one successful play, "A Month in the Country." His most famous novel, "Fathers and Sons."

Students of Magarshack's painstaking biography will conclude that no psychological problem in a Turgenev novel could be more complex than the timid, neurotic, and nihilist himself, who for years believed that he had no top to his skull.

In 1883 Turgenev died peacefully in Paris. His funeral in Petersburg was turned into a vast political demonstration. Pauline could not attend; she was too busy with a lawsuit to obtain Turgenev's fortune. An eloquent tribute from Tolstoy showed that, at last, peace had overtaken war.

LIBRARY LIST

• **THE ANNOTATOR.** By Alan Keen and Roger Lubbock. Putnam, 21s. 216 pages. Real life literary detection. Who wrote the marginal notes in the copy of an old Elizabethan chronicle that Mr. Keen picked up one day in 1947? After an ingenious, determined hunt, evidence (but not proof) is unearthed to suggest that the writer may have been Shakespeare himself. The reader may not be convinced; he will be enthralled.

• **VAGRANT VIKING.** By Peter Freuchen. Gollancz, 18s. 422 pages. Life and fantastic adventures during 20 years in the Far North by the famous Danish Arctic explorer, with vivid portraits of other heroes of discovery: Mylius-Erichsen, who set off to Greenland with a cargo of champagne and mixed pickles for emergency rations; Dr. Hovey, who thought Eskimos were "savages." Most vigorous portrait of all is that of Freuchen himself.

The Fabulous Grandmother

★ **MARLENE DIETRICH** is the Fabulous Grandmother, the star who outshines age, who has glamourised two generations and refuses to let the years dim her vitality.

Glamorous—Yes, And In Her Face, The Aggressive

By Anne Edwards

MARLENE, to me, is three people. The first Marlene is the one I saw the other day in a 30-year-old film.

A languorous beauty wrapped in 15 yards of silver fox... an alabaster face that filled the screen... eyelids so heavily fringed with black lashes that when she dropped them one wondered if they could even go up again.

Yes, she was a phenomenal beauty. The second Marlene is the one I saw in Paris just after the war, singing "Lili Marlene." At the end she raised her long, spangled skirt half an inch at a time to reveal a still fabulous leg—a crescendo of cheers from the troops who filled the theatre.

Yes, she had phenomenal technique. The third Marlene is the one I saw on her last London visit, more determinedly golden-haired than ever, more aggressively glamorous.

Yes, she had phenomenal courage. But will courage be enough to get her through this time? Somehow that last glimpse of her tells me that the new verdict on her performance as a famous beauty at 60 will be: "It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

By Eve Porrick

I REMEMBER, I remember Miss Dietrich when she was known as the girl with the glamorous legs and not as a glamorous gran.

I remember, I remember Miss Dietrich (sitting astride a chair in black opera hose and a feathered skirt) singing "Falling in Love Again" in a Teutonic-throaty voice.

I remember, I remember Miss Dietrich a few years later (sitting astride a chair in black opera hose and a sequin skirt) singing "See What the Boys in the Backroom Will Have" in a less Teutonic but still throaty voice.

I remember, I remember Miss Dietrich in London in 1948, standing in a trim-waisted Paris suit with the sunlight streaming full on her face and looking just wonderful, remember, I remember Miss Dietrich, just one year later looking not quite so wonderful.

I remember, I remember in New York last November a slim, willowy figure in a red velvet sheath of a dress, crowned by a sweep of youthful yellow hair, walking across a crowded room towards me. And I think I will never forget that, when she was near enough to identify as the fabulous Marlene Dietrich, the face in between the provocative red

Just A Voice On A Record And Then —

By Druilla Beyfus

SHE was a record we used to play after prep. at school. "Falling in Love Again" used to scrape away alternately with "Mr. Paganini" and "The Umbrella Man."

She was a name one never knew how to pronounce. Was it Marlene? Or Marlene?

She was the woman older people used to bring up to prove that theirs was a generation of great beauties and that these days all the girls look alike. Then for me she came to life as the World's Most Glamorous Grandmother, and there were pictures of her cheering up the chaps in Germany in a uniform specially designed for the purpose.

What a lot of nonsense, one thought, with the scepticism of a 20-year-old: "Glamorous" indeed, she's probably an old hag.

Then one day I sat next to a woman who changed my mind. She was elegant, she was beautiful. She had the best legs I'd ever seen. She was Marlene.

velvet and the burning bright hair was that of a woman who was definitely middle-aged—and the strain of fighting off her 50 years was only too clearly telling its tired, sad story.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

WALLFLOWER'S When old-time dancers saw the "Creep" edge its way into the dance halls, they thought they'd seen everything.

With arms lightly wrapped around each other, Creep couples shuffled across the floor in slow time without noticeable change in step or tempo.

Some dance hall managers strongly objected to Creeping. It reduced the tempo to slow motion, they said.

But Creeping caught the teenagers' fancy, and band leaders even played dirge-like Creep numbers.

Now the old-timers really believe they have seen everything.

Onto the dance floors has trilled Mormon dancing, other-wise termed "Wallflowers' Dream." The man has two partners, the girls dancing one behind the other. During a Mormon dance, any wallflower may attach herself to the nearest couple.

NEXT BEST THING? Robert Lombert, the 31-year-old Dutchman who led 31 of his fellow countrymen on a three-year search for "heaven" found himself not in paradise but in a Dutch prison last week.

He was sentenced to 2½ years for obtaining £100,000 by false pretences. The group bought a ship and sailed around the world in

search of a refuge from "the modern world." Lombert had his followers he was pretty sure they would find "heaven." Instead, they wound up broke. Included in the ship's stores were 350 cases of cognac, 150 cases of wine, 80 cases of Scotch whisky and a two-year supply of tinned beer.

THE OLD STORY AGAIN Hitler's chief aircraft designer, Willy Messerschmitt, who after the war, said that all he wanted to do was to "build houses," is now predicting that "within 10 to 15 years, German (Messerschmitt) built aircraft will be hurtling round the globe at supersonic speeds."

Messerschmitt says that he is now ready to work on supersonic aircraft just as soon as the Allies allow him to do so.

Meanwhile Hitler's ace designer continues to go out of his way to absolve himself of any responsibility for the Luftwaffe's disintegration: "Our mistake was too much research and not enough production. The Allies overestimated us with quantity rather than quality. Nevertheless, I have not grown rusty in the years since Germany's surrender ended the production of my fighter aircraft which the Allies knew so well."

NEW DISEASE An outbreak of an undiagnosed disease which gives its victims colossal appetites is spreading across Italy. One victim, five-year-old Luciana Varboni, is eating four thick beefsteaks, two lbs. of rice pudding and at least 14 bananas a day, while a factory worker in Vicenza eats 12 cooked meals a day and says he is still "pretty hungry."

For one meal the factory worker, Cesare Rizzato, ate four lbs. of bread, 10 pints of vegetable soup, four lbs. of mashed corn, a lb. of cheese and a pound of sausage. Italian doctors have so far failed to find any formula in the way of vitamins or injections which will satisfy the appetite of either of Italy's Oliver Twist patients.

NOW THE FASHION Several countries, including Britain, have asked the Egyptian Government for permission to hunt for pyramids following the discoveries at Gizeh and Sakkarah.

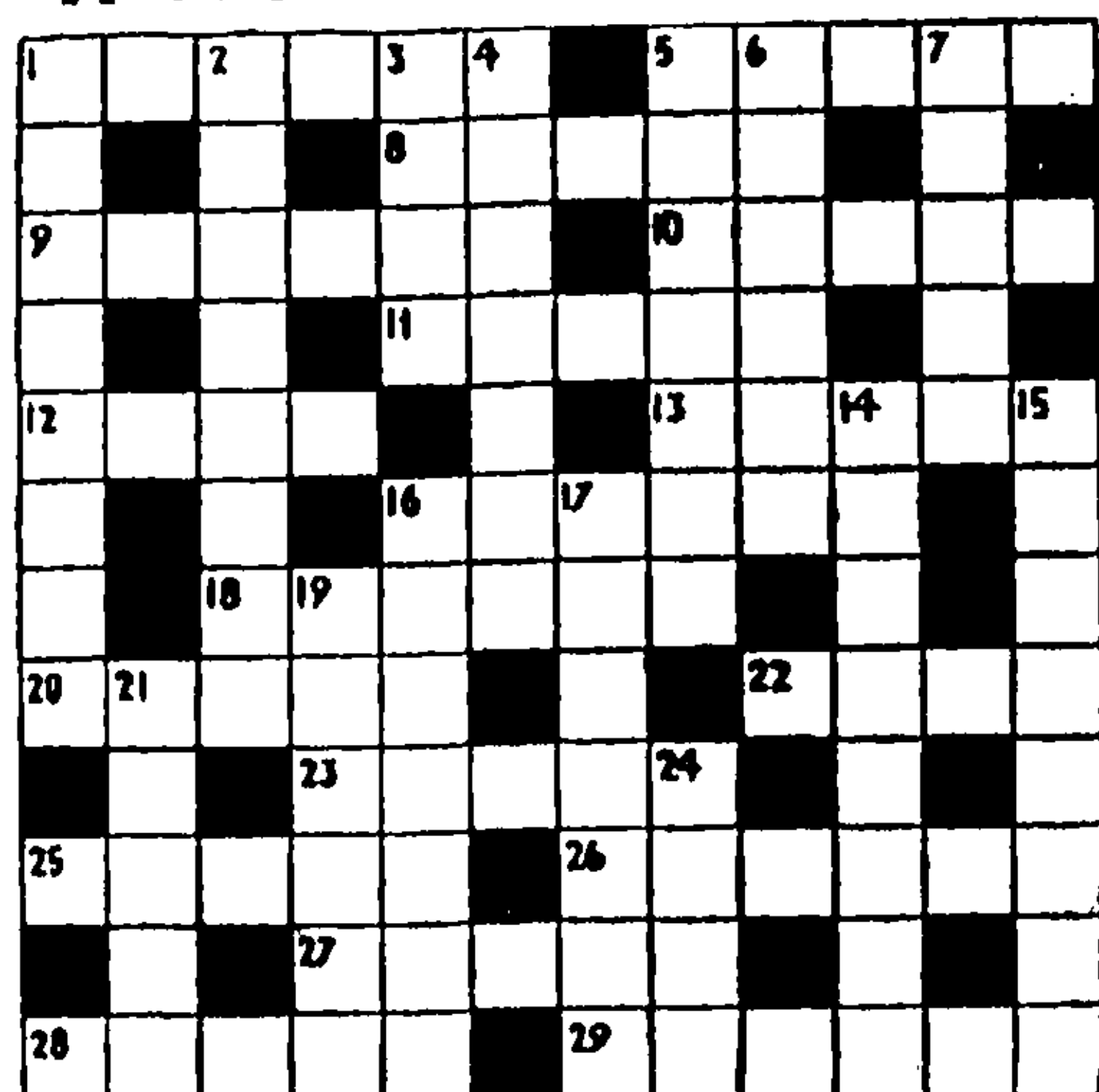
Commented Antiquities Director Mustapha Amer, looking up from a sheet of applications: "Pyramid hunting is becoming the fashion."

MISSING SWORD South African war veterans are being asked if they know the whereabouts of the golden sword presented to Sir George White, defender of Ladysmith in 1900. The sword, given by the survivors, was taken back to England by Sir George but since his death in 1912, there has been no news of it and Ladysmith historians would like it in their museum with other relics of the siege and the town's early days.

ONE FOR HOLLYWOOD A group of Maltese MP's are asking for an investigation into a suicide verdict.

Reason: They want to know whether a "suicide" can slash his (suicide) "fury" headlines from the papers and return upstairs to die.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Ape (6).
- 2 Cake covering (5).
- 3 Jollification (5).
- 4 Pulsates (6).
- 5 Deluge (5).
- 6 Reel (5).
- 7 Eminence (4).
- 8 Ceremonies (3).
- 9 Bull gently (6).
- 10 Looks hard (6).
- 11 Welcome (5).
- 12 Domesticated (4).
- 13 Bashful (5).
- 14 Eastern V.I.P. (5).
- 15 Alarming mark (6).
- 16 Anesthetic (6).
- 17 Prop up (6).
- 18 Project (6).

DOWN

- 1 Infectious (8).
- 2 Deprive of movement (8).
- 3 Flows back (4).
- 4 Give up hope (7).
- 5 Tells (7).
- 6 Dog (6).
- 7 Hangman's rope (5).
- 8 Geometrical figure (8).
- 9 Chose (8).
- 10 Over-satisfy (7).
- 11 Deserved (7).
- 12 Tie up (6).
- 13 Attain (5).
- 14 Venture (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Spread, 5 Acres, 6 Port, 9 Elated, 11 Anvil, 12 Reveal, 14 List, 16 Treat, 18 Abide, 19 Read, 20 Reveal, 24 Tinge, 25 Ardent, 26 Tare, 27 Dodge, 28 Dapper, Down: 1 Shield, 2 Bear, 3 Axes, 4 Deduct, 5 Statue, 6 Heaved, 7 Splints, 10 Tread, 13 Daunted, 14 Likened, 15 Secrete, 17 Rabid, 19 Retard, 21 Area, 22 Lump, 23 Sift.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Babes In The Wood

BY HARRY WEINERT



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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE WHO ROBBED THE STORE?

By Harold Gluck

THE CHALLENGE: Are you wide awake? Can people fool you? If someone told you a story with an error in it could you spot what was wrong? Paul Husted is your age. You are going to match wits with him. He listened to a story and knew just what was wrong with it. See if you can do the same.

THERE was a body in the living room of the Husted home. On a comfortable chair Mrs Husted was seated and looking patiently at a scene. Her only son, Paul, had a first aid text book in his hand. Arthur Zorn, reporter on Centerville's one and only leading newspaper, was playing "Injured."

"You were just hit by a car," began Paul, "and I must give you first aid. Now where is the information I need? Is it on page 37? Or 62?"

"Suppose you look in the index," suggested Arthur Zorn. "I am getting a wee bit tired being on the floor. And we have an appointment with Mr Wales at 2 o'clock."

"We will have to take care of fractures next time," replied Paul. "I am really anxious to meet Mr Wales."

"Not as anxious as he is to meet you," snapped back Arthur



Zorn. "He doesn't believe a boy like you exists. So we are going to his office. He is an insurance adjuster. He has a case to settle this afternoon and we are going with him."

Herbert Wales. He was a middle aged man, slightly balding. There was a very friendly smile on his face as he greeted his two visitors.

"My son read all about your adventures in the local newspaper," began Mr Wales, "and he suggested that I meet you and get your help. As an adjuster, it is my job to settle cases which are covered by my company. I have been working for them during the past twenty years."

Taking a Walk with Two Fish

—It Happened When the Shadows Met Merlin—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, had put their hats and coats on and were on the point of going out of the house when Mr Merlin, the magician, came out from behind the bookcase.

Mr Merlin was dressed in a beautiful tweed suit, thick and green and fuzzy. He had a white carnation in his button-hole. He had a cane. It was carrying a pair of gloves. He wore a felt hat with a feather in it.

Cheerful Greeting

"Good morning, my dears! Good morning, good morning!" said Mr Merlin cheerfully.

Knarf and Hanid both said good morning.

"Am I wrong, or am I right when I say that I think you are both going for a walk?" Mr Merlin said.

"You're right," said Hanid. "We are going for a walk."

"Excellent!" said Mr Merlin. "So am I. We'll all go together."

Knarf and Hanid were delighted. They enjoyed walking with Mr Merlin. Indeed there was no one they enjoyed walking with more. This was because Mr Merlin, being a magician, was almost always sure to do one of his wonderful magical tricks. A magician is a companion that anyone can have.

Well, Knarf and Hanid were already starting for the door when Mr Merlin suddenly stopped.

"Hey what's the matter, Mr Merlin?" asked Knarf.

Just Remembered

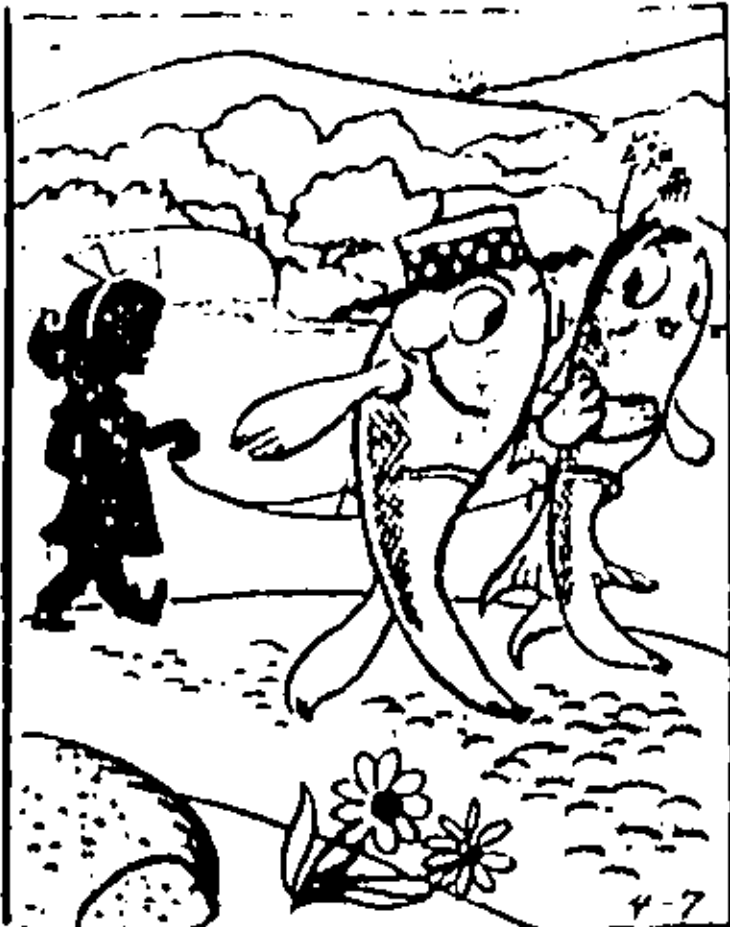
"Nothing's the matter, my boy," said Mr Merlin, smiling. "I just thought of something, that's all."

Knarf and Hanid promptly wanted to know what Mr Merlin had just thought of.

"Well," said Mr Merlin, "I just thought of how selfish it is of us to go walking all by ourselves without taking our friends along with us."

As he said this, Mr Merlin walked over to the aquarium where Alphonse and Suzanne, the two goldfish, were swimming around.

"Howdy, howdy!" Mr Merlin called down into the water. Alphonse and Suzanne immediately began opening and shutting their mouths in the most excited way. They seemed to be talking though they didn't make any sounds. At least, they didn't make any sounds that Knarf and Hanid could hear. Mr Merlin, however, put his ear close to the water, and listened intently.



Hanid was walking along with two goldfish.

come out for a walk with us." "But, Mr Merlin," said Hanid, "goldfish can't walk." "They can't even stay out of the water," said Knarf. "You forget," said Mr Merlin, "that I'm a magician. When goldfish are with me, they can not only stay out of the water and walk, but do a dozen other things that no one ever before ever thought goldfish could do." Saying this, Mr Merlin waved his hand over the aquarium. Instantly, Suzanne and Alphonse sprang out.

Prancing Fish

A few moments later, the two goldfish were prancing down the street, tied to a fishing line held by Knarf and Hanid.

"They seem to be enjoying themselves very much," said Hanid.

"Look, they're even wagging their tails!" said Knarf. Mr Merlin nodded gravely. "Every goldfish likes to take a walk now and then," Mr Merlin said. "They enjoy being out in the fresh air just as we enjoy taking a swim in the water. But only a magician like me can arrange to take goldfish out of the water without hurting them. No one else must ever try it!"

Rupert and Billy Goat -21



Rupert tried to "shoo" back behind the rock. Then he gives a glad cry, for the intruder is only his pal, Billy Goat! "How on earth did you get away from the sheep pen?" asked Rupert. "I hid in the gutter when the sheep came."

Which means I have met many people.

"When I have a hunch that something is wrong, I just follow my hunch. I believe that Frank Gessers, the clerk in Mr Adler's drugstore is not telling the truth. But I can't prove he is a liar. He told his story to the police and they questioned him for three hours. Couldn't find a flaw in it or break him down."

"Mr Adler runs an all-night drugstore on Madison and Pine Streets. There was a holdup at midnight. The crook or crooks got away with more than five thousand dollars in valuable drugs and twenty-three hundred dollars in cash. I want you to come with me to the drugstore and listen to Mr Adler's clerk."

The three drove over to the drugstore in Arthur Zorn's car. They parked on the corner and then entered the store. A woman was sitting for a prescription to be filled. When her order was completed she left the store. Only Mr Adler and his clerk Mr Gessers were there.

"I see you are prompt in your appointments," began Mr Adler. "Are these people with you? Or do they want something?"

Make Your Picture Appear By Magic

By JOHN Y. BEATY

WHEN you have a group of your friends together, lay a package of envelopes on the table. Show your friends a piece of heavy paper. Pass it around to show that there is nothing unusual about it.

Pick up one of the envelopes, place the blank paper inside, and seal the envelope. Now stand in the sun or, if you are in the house, stand before a strong light and pass the envelope between the light and yourself as though you were having the light shine through the envelope. Then, with a pocket knife, cut open the envelope and bring forth the paper which now has your photograph on it. This is the way the trick appears to your friends.

PREPARATIONS

In order to perform this trick, you must make preparations as follows: First, have your photograph made with a small camera and your picture printed in the regular way. Have this picture made in the exact place where you intend to show the trick. When you do the trick, stand exactly where you stood when your

"They want nothing and are with me, Mr Adler," responded Mr Wales. "But before I settle your claim with our company I would like to have Mr Gessers repeat his story to me now."

"What again?" protested the clerk. "I told it to the police a dozen times. And then you too about the same number of times. What kind of a game is this?"

"Please don't get angry," explained Mr Wales. "But now I have form 105 to fill out. So just once more again tell me that story."

★ ★ ★

"And the last time," muttered the clerk, "it was midnight when this big man with a mask on his face came into the store. He held a real gun in his hand. One peep out of you, he tells me, and you will be a dead duck. I was so scared I just fainted. And there I was on the floor until 5 a.m. In the morning, then, officer McDougal was passing and he saw me on the floor. He gave me first aid. That crook and maybe a helper or two got away with a lot of our drugs. And they even jumped open the safe and took all the cash."

"What a big fib," Paul couldn't help saying. "It never could have happened the way you tell it. And I prove it is all one big lie."

"Get that crazy kid out of here or I'll break his jaw," shouted Mr Gessers. "I don't have to stand for being called a liar. And he implies I must have helped the crook."

"Can you prove what you say is true?" Mr Wales asked of Paul Husted.

"Of course," replied Paul, "there was a terrible error in his story."

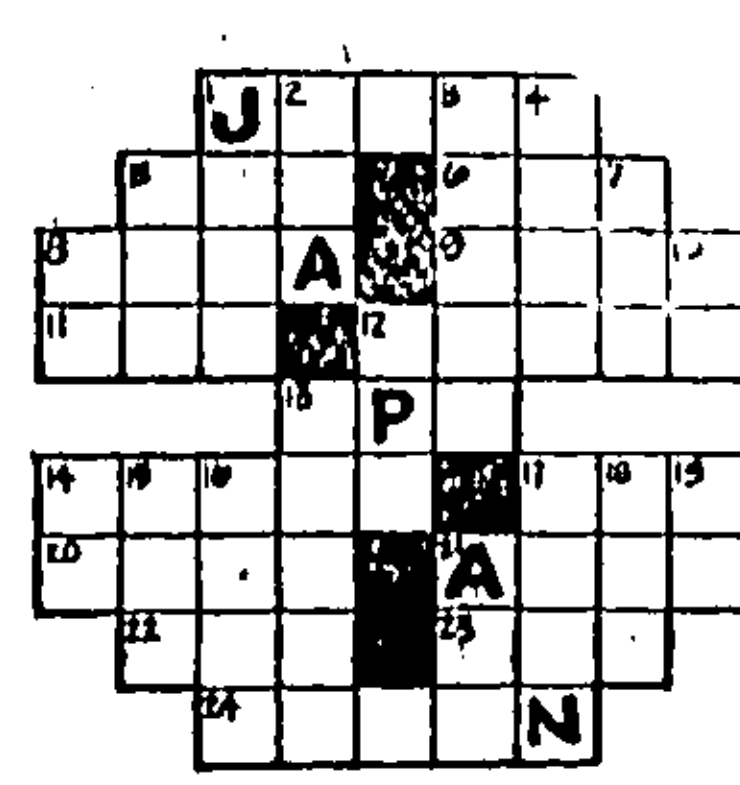
★ ★ ★

Question: What was the error in Mr Gessers' story? And how could Paul prove the robbery really was an inside job?

Solution on Page 20

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword



ACROSS

- 1 Scoffs
- 2 Age
- 3 Through
- 4 Eternity
- 5 Greek mountain
- 6 On the sheltered side
- 7 Qualified
- 8 Expert
- 9 Foreign agent
- 10 Cost
- 11 Shade tree
- 12 Roman philosopher
- 13 Operative solo
- 14 Pronoun
- 15 Tear
- 16 Fortification

DOWN

- 1 Joke
- 2 Ace
- 3 Prepared
- 4 Shoe part
- 5 Greek letter
- 6 Fibre knots
- 7 Preposition
- 8 And (Latin)
- 9 Mimic
- 10 Record
- 11 Piece (ab.)
- 12 College cheer
- 13 Brain passage
- 14 Ireland
- 15 Mouth part
- 16 Female relative
- 17 Constellation

Triangle

This triangle is based on RETIRED. The second word is "a symbol for tellurium"; third "harder"; fourth "a Hindu garment"; fifth "kind of sword"; and sixth "rounded." Finish the triangle:

R
E
T
I
R
E
D

RETIRE

Anagrams

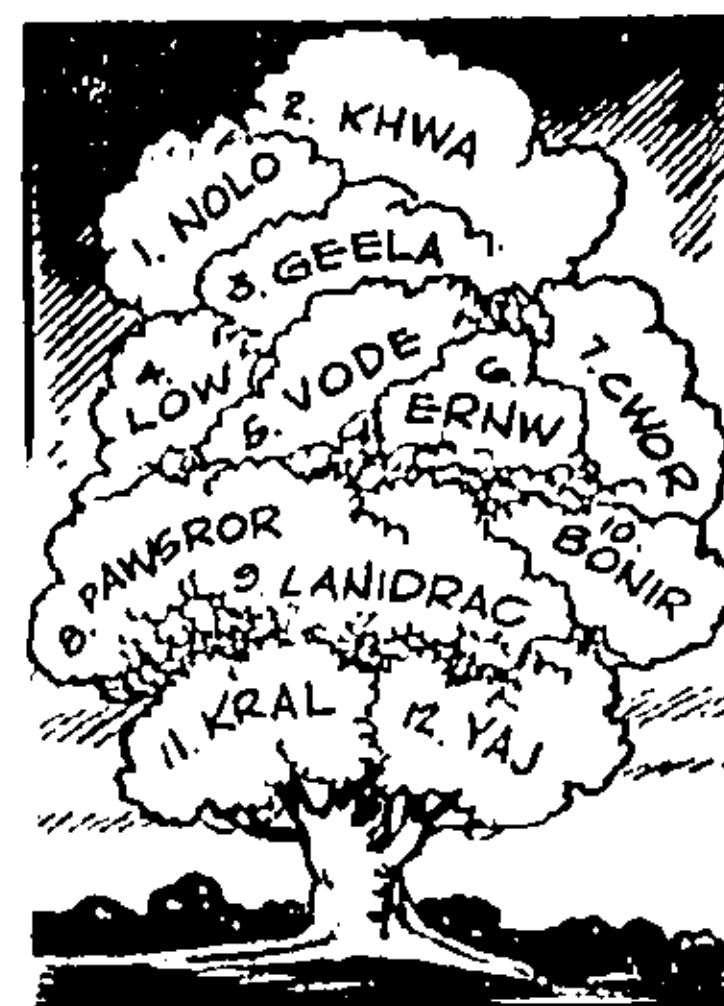
Add a letter to "a preposition" and scramble for "a Greek letter." Add another letter and scramble for "a chair." Repeat and have "stories"; again for "machine tools"; and finally for "spreads over with soap foam."

De-tailed Words

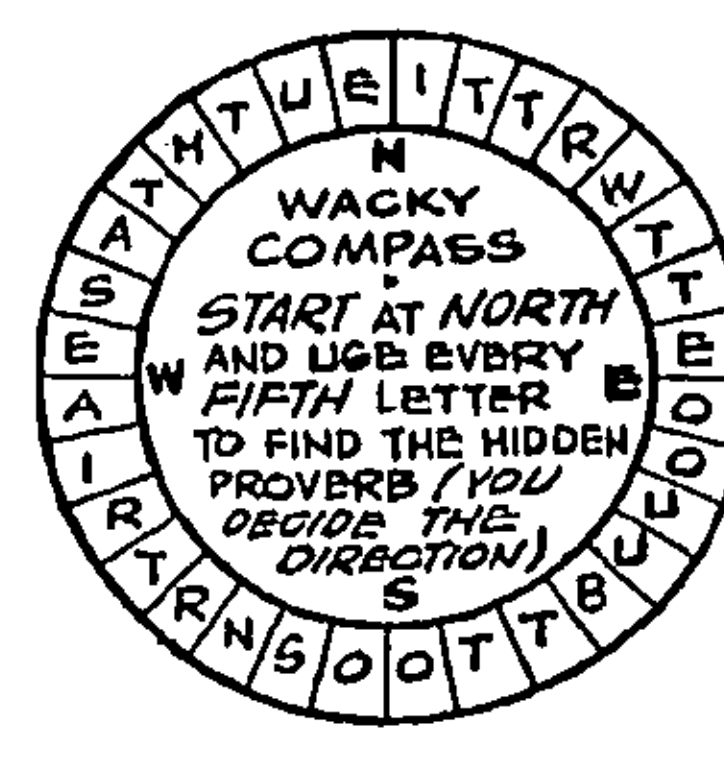
Remove the tail from "a vocalist" and have "to scorch"; de-tail this and have "to warble"; again and have "transgression"; and finally for a Spanish "yes."

Bird Puzzle

Did you ever see twelve different birds in one tree? Look at this tree. You will find the names of twelve different birds, but the letters in each name are all jumbled up.



Wacky Compass



Solutions on Page 20

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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1954.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL
NEW
"SHORKEL"
PEN

WITHOUT GERMANY EUROPE'S DEFENCE

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

A Letter From Home

ON a Soho street corner, in those early hours of the morning when human resistance to such things is said to be at its lowest, a policeman found William singing a dirge in a mournful, creaking, but loud baritone.

"Pick it up," said the policeman. But William went on with his lament. In a voice whose accents were Ulster, though it is 20 years since he was there. "Stop it," said the policeman. William noticed him then, and stopped the policeman up and down. "You know," he said, "every time I see that uniform I'm tempted to go mad."

"I shall have to arrest you," the policeman said, "for being drunk and disorderly."

DISORDERLY?—NIVVER
HE had noticed William's HE was saying, and the trouble his first had to bring to the pavement, and the old look in his eyes.

"Oh well," said William, "I suppose you'll get a day off for this," and charitably he allowed himself to be arrested.

At Marlborough Street next morning when the charges were put to him, William said: "I was drunk all right, but never disorderly. I've a letter here..."

Mr Rowland Thomas, QC, the magistrate, called for the evidence, and the policeman told his story of William's night of song.

"Now what would you like to say?" Mr Thomas asked William, when the policeman had done.

A SISTER'S ADVICE
THIS letter, William said, "Me old dad in Ulster, he's ill. This letter'll prove it. He handed forward a crumpled sheet of letter paper."

"It's from me sister in Belfast," William explained, as the magistrate began to read. "She says," said the magistrate, "Can't you get yourself deported?"

"Unfortunately I can't do that. Do you want to go back to Belfast to see your dear old father?"

"Aye," said William.

A QUIET CHAT
BUT the magistrate had looked more closely at the letter. "This is dated three weeks ago," he said. "If your dear old father was ill then, he may have passed away by now. You had better have a quiet chat with the probation officer, Mr Morgan, here."

William rubbed his white, stubby chin, and drew his frowny overcoat about him. "I'll do that," he agreed.

Presently, he was brought back to the dock, and Mr Morgan went into the witness box. "This man," he said, "earns about £8 a week, as a rule, but most of that goes on drink, I think."

"Does he go and visit his dear old father now and again?"

A BAD INVESTMENT
"No, sir," said Mr Morgan, "and I think it would be a bad investment for us to pay for him to go to Belfast now. He can earn £8 by a week's work, and have ample for the fare. He knows all about how to get work and..."

"And all about dodging it, no doubt," said the magistrate. "Oh, I think so," said Mr Morgan.

William was discharged conditionally, and he hummed off, leaving heavy sighs. A poor sort of world it is, said those signs, when a man has to ask to be deported and, asking, has so trifling a favour refused.

MAY BE DOOMED

General Gruenther Issues Grave Warning

London, June 25.

The Supreme Commander Allied Forces in Europe, General Alfred Gruenther, was reported in a London evening newspaper today as saying that present NATO forces would not be able to stop a premeditated Russian attack on Western Europe.

According to a Paris interview published in "the Star," the General, when asked if Russian forces could be held "supposing they decided to begin a premeditated war," replied: "No. We are not that good. There is no reason for discouragement. It would have been a miracle if we had become so good in three and a half years."

But General Gruenther added that a NATO defensive shield had been created "which may be enough to prevent a so-called accidental war," the Star stated.

He said France and Germany "must both make a significant contribution" to the defence of Western Europe.

"The defence of Europe is extremely difficult and may even be impossible without a German contribution while it is necessary to have a German contribution, it is equally true that the defence of Europe does not exist without France," the General told the Star.

UK Surprised At US Surprise

London, June 25. A British Foreign Office spokesman tonight expressed surprise at the effect in the United States of Mr Anthony Eden's proposal for an arrangement "such as Locarno" to guarantee any Indo-China settlement.

The Foreign Secretary's statement to this effect in the House of Commons on Wednesday evoked surprise in responsible quarters in Washington.

The spokesman said this was unexpected since Mr Eden had throughout the Geneva conference constantly urged the guarantee for any settlement that might be reached by the five Colombo powers.

Asked whether Mr Eden's statement had been conveyed in advance to the State Department in Washington, the spokesman said it had not, adding that it would have been most unusual to do so.—Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:
J E E R S
P E R S O N
O S S A A L E E
P I T A D E P T
B Y
P R I C E E L M
C A T O A R I A
H E R R I P
R E D A N
TRIANGLE:
R
T E
S E T
B A R I
T E R I E T
R E T I R E D
ANAGRAMS: A V, eta, seat, tales, lathes, lathes
DETAILED WORDS: Singer, stage, sing, sin, etc.
WORD PUZZLES: 1—Down. 2—Down. 3—Across. 4—Across. 5—Across. 6—Across. 7—Across. 8—Across. 9—Across. 10—Across. 11—Across. 12—Across.

WACKY COMPASS: It is better to wear out than to rust out.
WHO BOBBED THE STORE? It is a well-known fact that in finding the blood leaves the head for only a short period of time. If the body lies flat then consciousness returns within a few minutes. Hence the Germans couldn't have been talking a lie. Why? Because he was talking a lie. Why? Because he was talking a lie. Why? Because he was talking a lie.

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Argentine Climbers Just Fall

Katmandu, June 25. President Juan Peron's expedition has failed to conquer the 29,700-foot Dhaulagiri mountain in Nepal after reaching 26,000 feet.

The leader, Lieutenant Francisco Ibanez, in a message received today, said the Argentine climbers with two Sherpas climbed to within 800 feet of the summit.

Ibanez wrote: "Most of the 11 Argentine mountaineers are suffering from severe frostbite." The expedition is expected to reach New Delhi in the first week of July.—Reuter.

Landy Fails In Bid For Record

Pori, West Finland, June 25.

John Landy, Australia's wonder runner who four days ago lowered the world mile record to three minutes 58 seconds, today failed in a bid to lower the two-mile record of eight minutes 40.4 seconds held by Belgium's Gaston Reiff.

Landy won a special two miles race, but his time was eight minutes 42.4 seconds, exactly two seconds outside the record.

The Australian, accompanied by his Finnish friend and pacemaker, Denis Johansson, arrived by air half an hour before the meeting started and two hours before he was due to run.

Second in today's race was Ilmari Tappala in nine minutes and three Denis Johansson in nine minutes 18.2 seconds.

Landy was also timed at 3,000 metres in eight minutes 0.4 seconds, which was well outside Reiff's two miles record established in Paris in August, 1950.—Reuter.

To Take Charge Of 5,000 School Children

London, June 25.

A 33-year-old village school mistress, Miss Lillian Smith, leaves behind the 41 children of her Kent school this summer when she sails to a new post in Brunel—to take charge of 5,000 children.

She has been appointed Brunel's first Education Officer. Under the direction of the Sultan, Miss Smith will control the education of the children in the tiny protectorate which has been financing an expanded programme of social and education services from its rich oil revenues.

For the past three years, Miss Smith has been headmistress of the village school of Heath, near Canterbury. — China Mail Special.

Casey Leaves For Washington

London, June 25.

Mr Richard Casey, Australian Minister of External Affairs, left today by air for Washington for talks on Southeast Asia with his United States and Canadian colleagues.

Since leaving Geneva last week, Mr Casey has already discussed with Sir Winston Churchill and his Foreign Secretary, Mr Eden, the prospects of an Indo-China peace and the concept of a Southeast Asian security pact.

The Australian Minister conferred this morning with the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, British representative at the recent five-power military staff talks in Washington.—Reuter.

Young Briton Beats The Champions To Win Golf Match

Birmingham, June 25.

Peter Allis, 24, son of a famous stalwart of pre-war British golf, Percy Allis, today won the £400 first prize in the Daks £2,000 professional golf tournament.

In the final two rounds on the Little Aston near here, he returned 70 and 67 to give him an overall 72 holes aggregate of 279.

A stroke behind was Bobby Locke, South African, three times British open champion, who set out for his final round just as Allis finished.

Allis, young British Ryder Cup player, who has been a professional for only five years, has knocked at the door consistently during those years won the Assistant's championship and last year was ninth (third British) in the Open and third in the Irish Open.

He was first man out today, started his final round four strokes behind A. J. Harman but set such a cracking pace in the last round that all others chasing him failed.

As so often happens, the major thrills of the event came in the final round with men chasing a pace-maker. This time the pace was so warm however, that none of the later starters had sufficient in hand to make the grade.

LOCKE'S CHANCE
Bobby Locke had, perhaps, the best chance and when he turned in 33 it seems that Allis, waiting in the clubhouse, might be caught. But to go the homeward half in 34, as Locke

needed to do, was asking a little too much and he took 36, which left him one stroke behind.

Harman had failed by taking 75 in the final round, 10 strokes more than the record which he created in the morning to gain his three rounds lead.

Almost unheralded, Sam King, the former golfer, had one of today's best rounds, 69 and 68, which lifted him into third place. Leading scores: Peter Allis, 73, 69, 70 and 67 for 279 (£400); Bobby Locke, 67, 72, 72 and 69 for 280 (£250); Sam King, 71, 69 and 68 for 281 (£150); Dai Reece, 71, 72, 69 and 70 for 282 (£100); Fred Jowle, Arthur Lees and A. J. Harman, each 283 (£80); Cerdia, 284 (£50); Peter Thomson and R. M. Mandeville, each 286 (£35).—Reuter.

Wash-Out At Wimbledon

Wimbledon, June 25. Persistent rain prevented a ball being played on the fifth day of the Wimbledon lawn tennis championships today.

It was only the second time in the last quarter of a century that rain had completely washed out a day's programme at Wimbledon.

Officials delayed their decision for four and a half hours in the hopes of an improvement in the weather. All during that time patient crowds, totalling about 18,000, jammed the entrance halls and pavements.

BRAVED THE RAIN
Small optimistic groups braved the rain and waited in the open standing enclosures on the centre court.

A tarpaulin canopy protected the centre court turf so had the rain ceased play would have started almost immediately.

On the few occasions when the rain did stop, isolated sections of the crowd began slow hand-clapping impatiently.

The hold-up will not seriously affect the schedule of the 12-day tournament which was well advanced.—Reuter.

While extricating the trapped men, a short circuit occurred which might have set fire to the lorry and burned its occupants if Mr Bruce had not wrenched out the wires from under the dash board—a difficult proceeding in a lorry at a very steep angle with the cab telescoped.

Mr Bruce, whose home town is Aberdeen, received the Award of the Ashoka Chakra Class III for rescuing four men trapped in a crashed lorry while returning to his house at Baintongrie estate, Mal, West Bengal, on the night of July 11, 1952.

The citation, which was read by the Acting High Commissioner for India, Mr M. J. Desai, tonight presented an Indian medal for gallantry to a 26-year-old Scottish tea planter, Mr Allister Seivright Bruce, at the first ceremony of its kind ever held in London.

Mr Bruce, who was with the four men trapped in the cab of a lorry which had gone through a high bridge and was hanging at a steep angle over a sheer drop into a river.

While extricating the trapped men, a short circuit occurred which might have set fire to the lorry and burned its occupants if Mr Bruce had not wrenched out the wires from under the dash board—a difficult proceeding in a lorry at a very steep angle with the cab telescoped.

Ashoka Chakra was established by Presidential decree in 1952 and is awarded for acts of gallantry, daring and self-sacrifice other than in the face of the enemy. All persons resident in India are eligible for it.—China Mail Special.



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are hereby notified that their cargo is being discharged into the Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co's godowns, where it will be at the Consignee's risk and subject to the Wharf terms and conditions of storage, and where delivery may be obtained as soon as the goods are landed.

Damaged packages are to be left in the Godowns for examination by Consignees and the Company's surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 26th June, 1954.

No claims will be admitted after the goods have left the steamers' godowns, and all goods remaining undelivered after 1st July, 1954, will be subject to rent.

All claims against the steamer must be presented to the undersigned on or before 23rd July, 1954, or they will not be recognised.

No Fire Insurance will be effected

CIE DES MESSAGERIES MARITIMES
Hongkong, 25th June, 1954.

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